PC

No. 10

NOV./DEC. 1995

U.S.A. $4.95
U.K. £2.75
GER. DM 20
AUS. $9.95
N.Z. $12.95

PENTHOUSE COMIX

THE INTERNATIONAL ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR MEN

NOT TO BE SOLD TO ANYONE UNDER 18

PENTHOUSE ComiX

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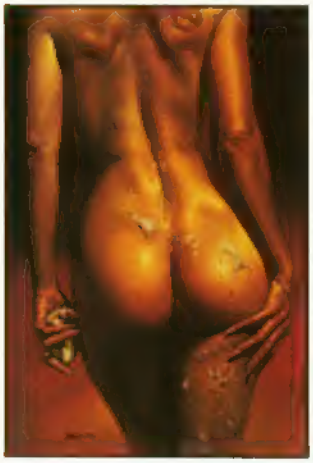
PENTHOUSE Comix

Nov./Dec. 1995



COVER ART BY BORIS VALLEJO

Notice the bar of "soap" on the cover (a piece related to our upcoming "Pendragon" strip) is actually a little dragon taking a bite out of his favorite snack. That Boris, what a character.

FEATURE

4 HOUSECALL
Meet the battle-tested crew of Penthouse Comix. That's right, we're fighting the Good Fight for our readers.

6 HOT STORIES
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Art by Jeff Johnson

16 PREVIEW PAGE
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Penthouse Comix (ISSN 0090-2020) Vol. 1, No.10, Nov./Dec. 1995 issue. *Penthouse Comix* is published six times a year by Penthouse International, Ltd., 277 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10172-0478.

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Canadian GST registration #R1226607902. Printed in the U.S.A.
For subscriptions please call 1-800-829-9825

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63 **THE TEAM SUPREME**
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92 **LOVE/HATE LETTERS**
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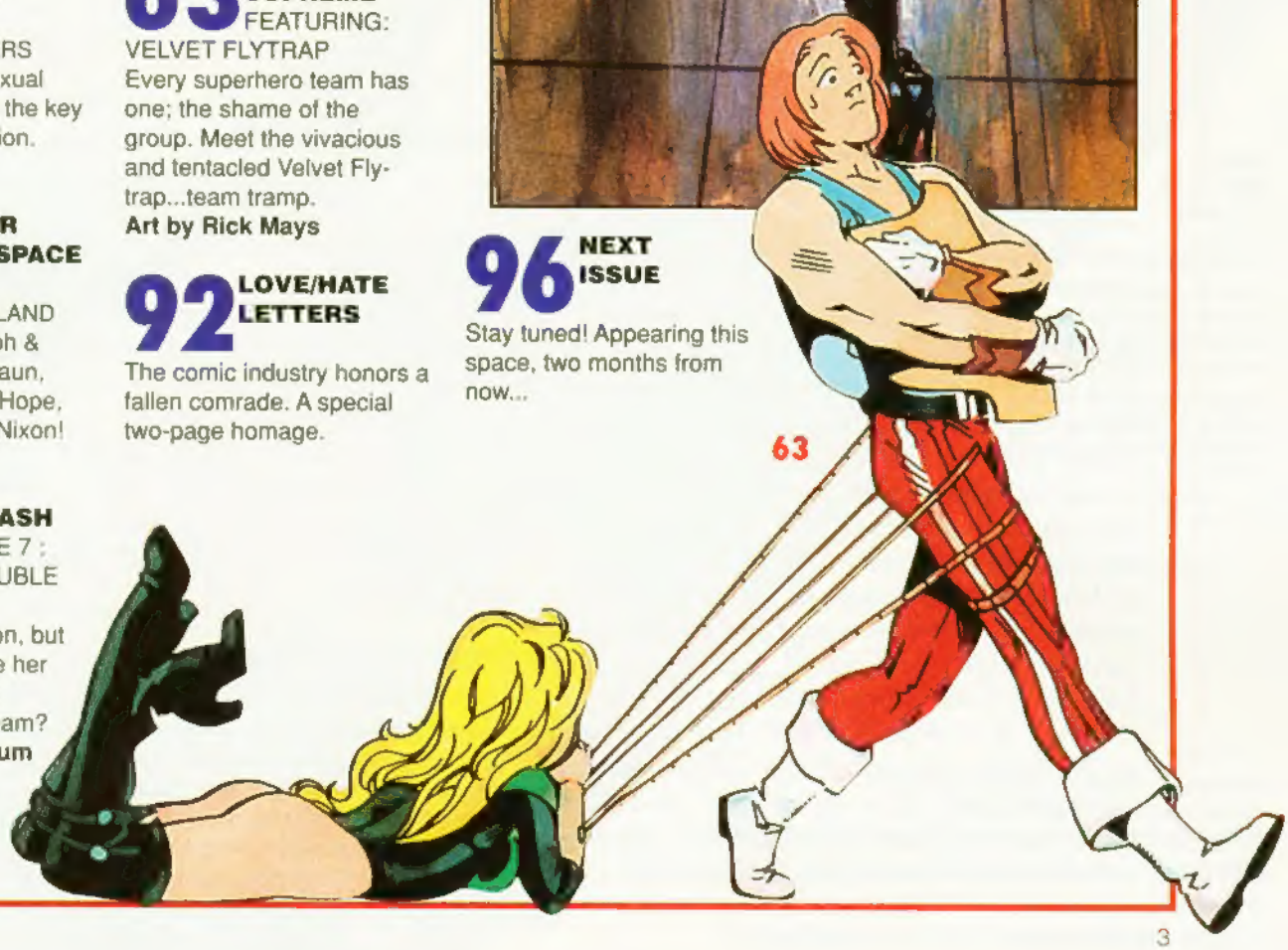


HOUSE CALL

McClellan

Elliott

Masterson

Ortiz

WHO'S WHO IN *PENTHOUSE COMIX*

MARK McCLELLAN

I remember how Penthouse Comix all began. We were sitting around, swilling Diet Coke, coming up with ideas so cool we knew they'd never do them. But what the hell, we were coming up with good stuff, so we went ahead anyway. And to our surprise, someone believed in our vision and we parlayed our comics experience into what, I must say, is one of the best erotic/sci-fi/fantasy magazines out there. Adam Hughes, Kevin Nowlan, Boris Vallejo, Tim Hildebrandt, Arthur Suydam, Mike Mignola, Walter Simonson, Frank Frazetta, Richard Corben and too many others to name. That's a good lineup by anyone's standards, and we have awful high ones. Look forward to graphic novels, trading cards, calendars — we're one of the most underpublished comics around. So send in ideas of what you'd like to see: collections, pinup books, artist portfolios, reprints. Just tell us. As Editor-in-Chief, I'd be interested.

DAVE ELLIOTT

One day he rolled into town and we've been trying to get rid of him ever since. Art director. A very good title, to be sure. But just one of the many Dave has had in his upward climb through the comics industry. He's been one of the big execs of Tundra UK, Editorial Director at John Brown, self-publisher of the artistically superb A-1, Atomeka and Black Ball comics, consultant for *Heavy Metal*, and posseses an uncanny knowledge of comic book art and art direction. It must be said that Dave represents an interesting common theme with all our Brit artists; professionalism, good cheer, and class. With talent on loan from God, let's welcome Dave aboard for as long as he'll have us.

JANET MASTERSON

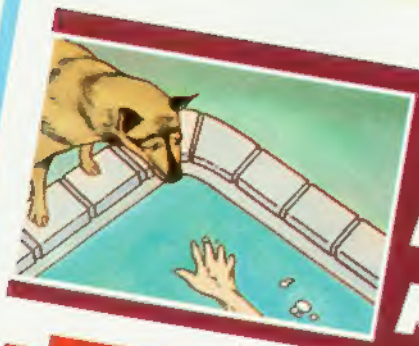
Everyone needs a public face and Janet is ours. As our rep to artists, readers and vendors, the lovely and talented Ms. Janet Masterson (aka Red Queen, Mistress of the Dawn) assures everyone that all is well and that each question will be promptly answered. Of course (ahem!), we handle each crisis with aplomb, but, boy, Janet helps us out. She is a certified herbalist, caters food for parties (specializing in French pastries, I have been told, but does the boss get some? Sadly lacking, I'm afraid...), weaves baskets, and is mother and drill sergeant to two boys and three cats. Now, if we can only get her to stay past 6:01pm...

RAMON ORTIZ

Ever see a World War II flick; you get the cliche collection of the 'everysquad': the noble leader, the country bumpkin, the nervous thin guy, the slick city boy...and the strong street tough. This last category would be Ramon. He learns fast, he's great at production, he brings much office experience, and he's loyal to the core. After a stint as a 'swivel servant' (civil servant) with New York City, Ramon comes to us with a low tolerance of b.s. and so he seems to be the man you'd most want in the water with you when swimming with sharks. *Bien venidos*, Ramon.

SPECIAL THANKS TO:
Three million years of human sexual evolution, the Comix staff, action movies, science fiction TV shows, irreplaceable comic talent, and Diet Coke.

—MKM 8/95



MATLOCK'S TV DOG SOLVES REAL CRIMES!

WEEKLY WORLD ENQUIRER

AMERICA'S MOST BELIEVABLE MAGAZINE

PRINCESS DI ABDUCTED BY ALIENS!!!

COLLECTING COMICS CURES COLON CANCER

GLOVED ONE IN HIDING!

SPECIAL EDITION

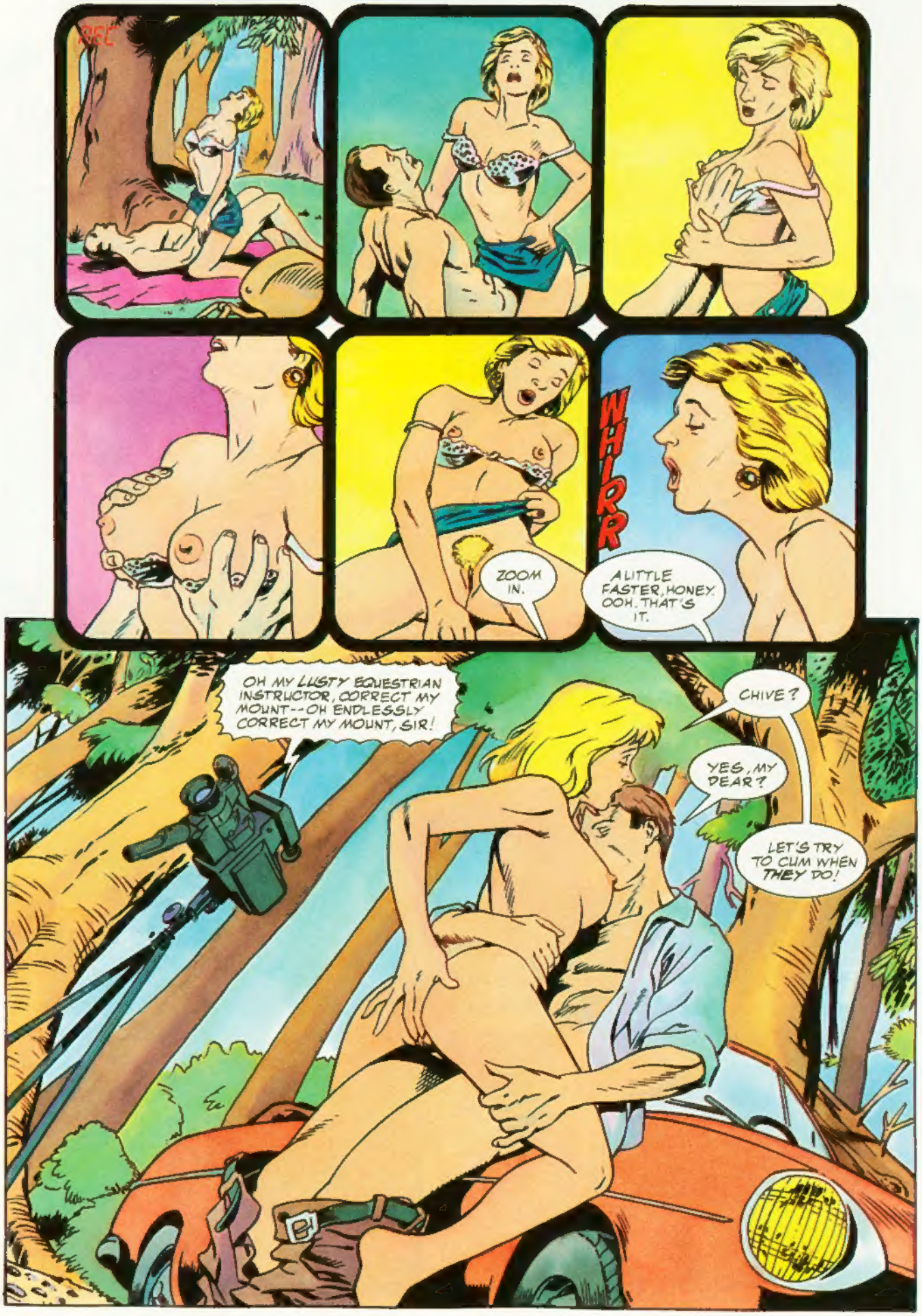
WRITERS: CARAGONNE & THORNTON

ART: JEFF JOHNSON

INKS: DAVE ELLIOTT

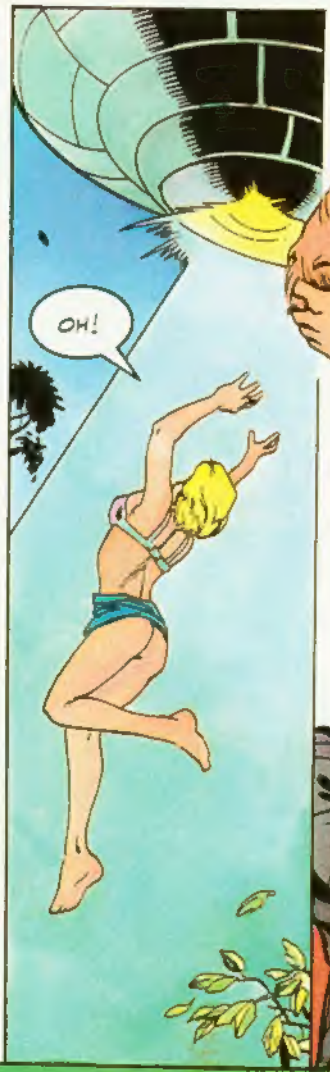
LETTERS: LOPEZ

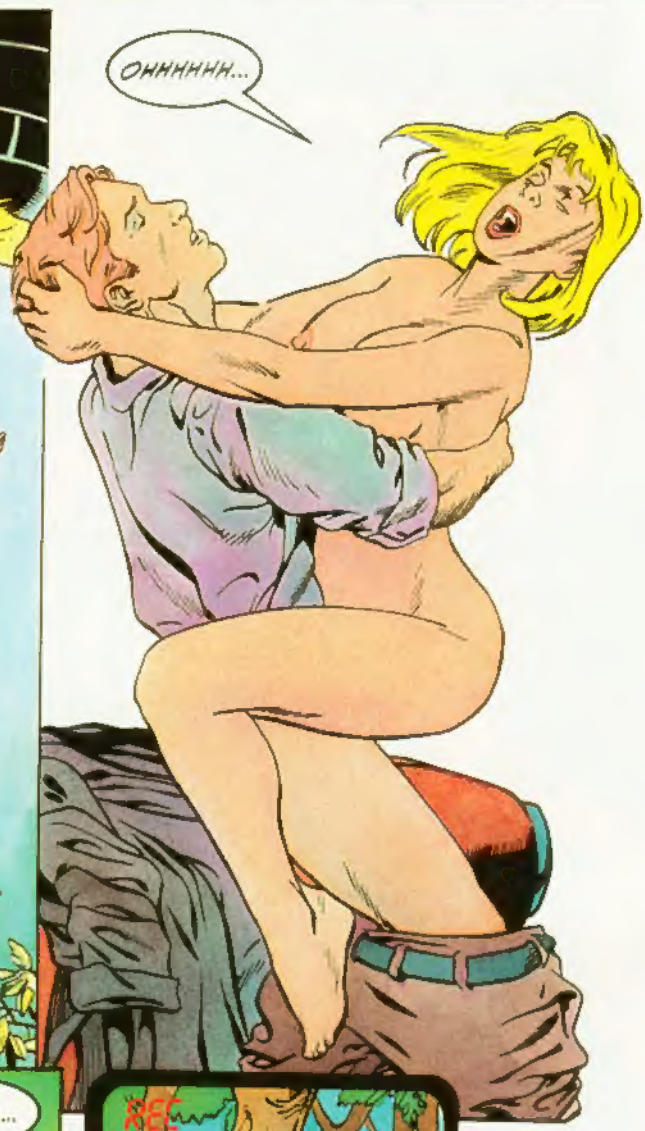
COLORS: SUYDAM

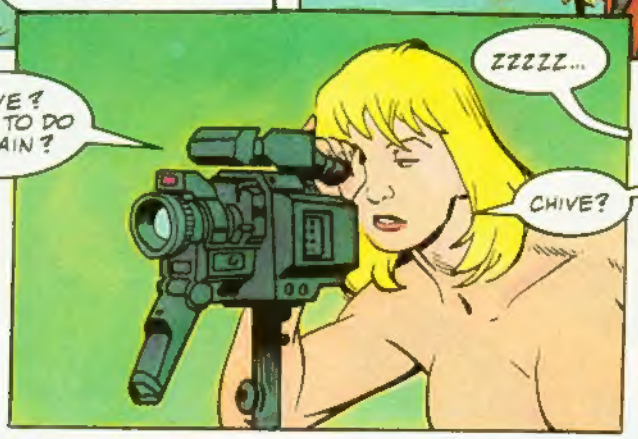

REC
ZOOM IN.
WHIRR
A LITTLE FASTER, HONEY. OOH. THAT'S IT.
OH MY LUSTY EQUESTRIAN INSTRUCTOR, CORRECT MY MOUNT--OH ENDLESSLY CORRECT MY MOUNT, SIR!
CHIVE?
YES, MY DEAR?
LET'S TRY TO CUM WHEN THEY DO!

HMMMMMMMM
OH, OH, OH...
UHN! UHN! UHN!

ZEEEEEE
ZZZZZZ...
OH NO, DEAR! DON'T GO TO SLEEP NOW. I STILL YEARN FOR YOUR BIG PINK SCEPTRE.

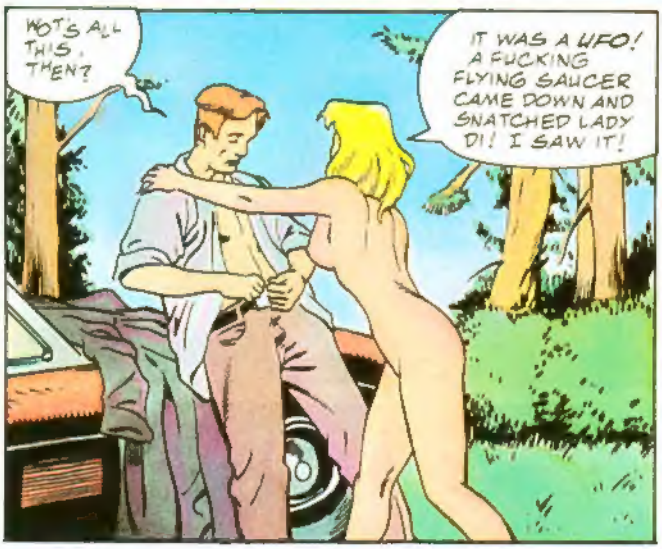

OH!


OHHHHHH...


CHIVE? WANT TO DO IT AGAIN?
ZZZZZ...
CHIVE?

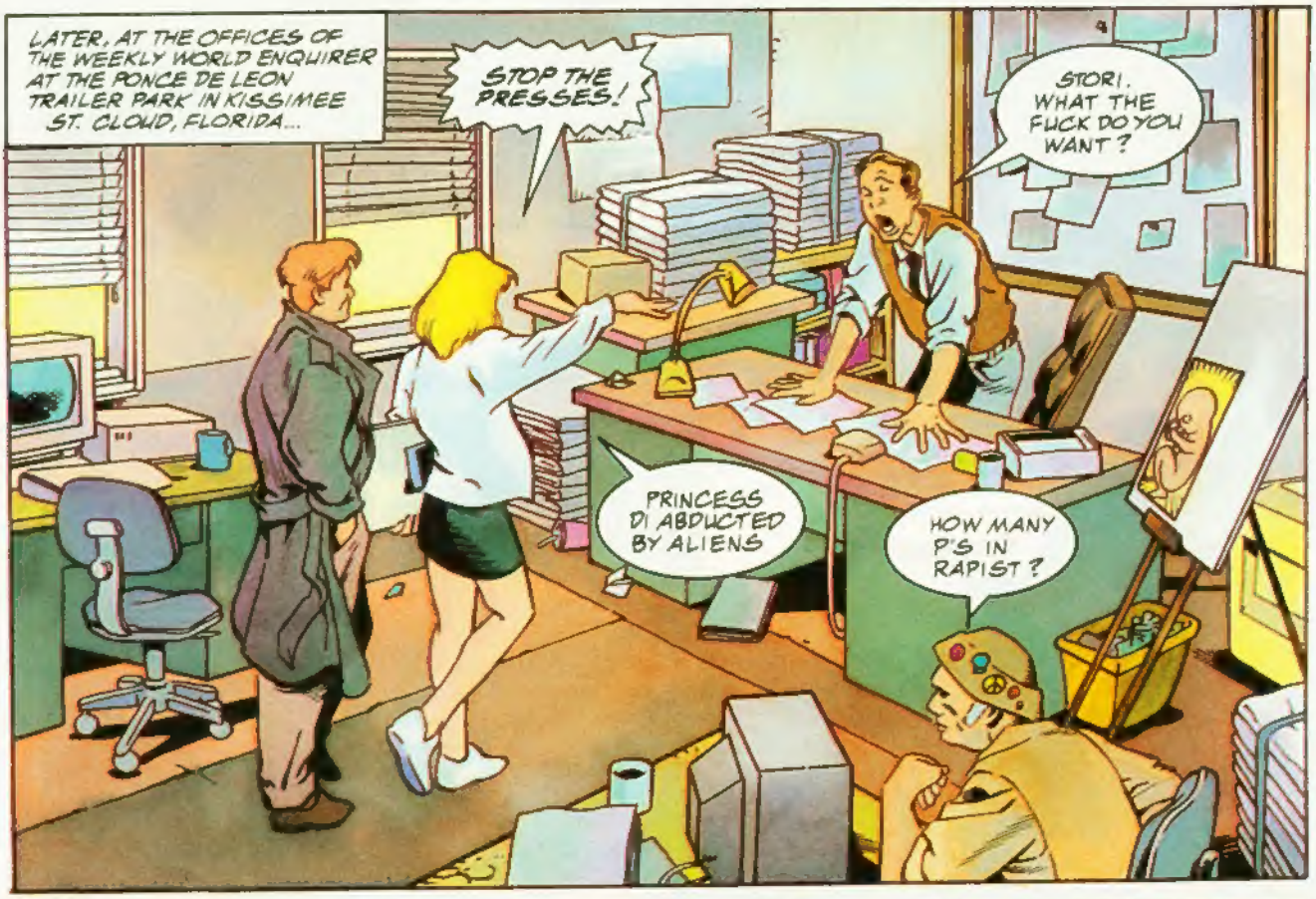
REC
SHE'S GONE!

HMMMMMMMM
CHIVE! WAKE UP, CHIVE! IT'S A UFO!!!
ZZZZZ-- HUNH?


WOT'S ALL THIS, THEN?
IT WAS A UFO! A FUCKING FLYING SAUCER CAME DOWN AND SNATCHED LADY DI! I SAW IT!

IT'S THE STORY OF THE CENTURY AND WE'VE GOT IT ALL ON TAPE!
GRUMBLE... GRUMBLE...

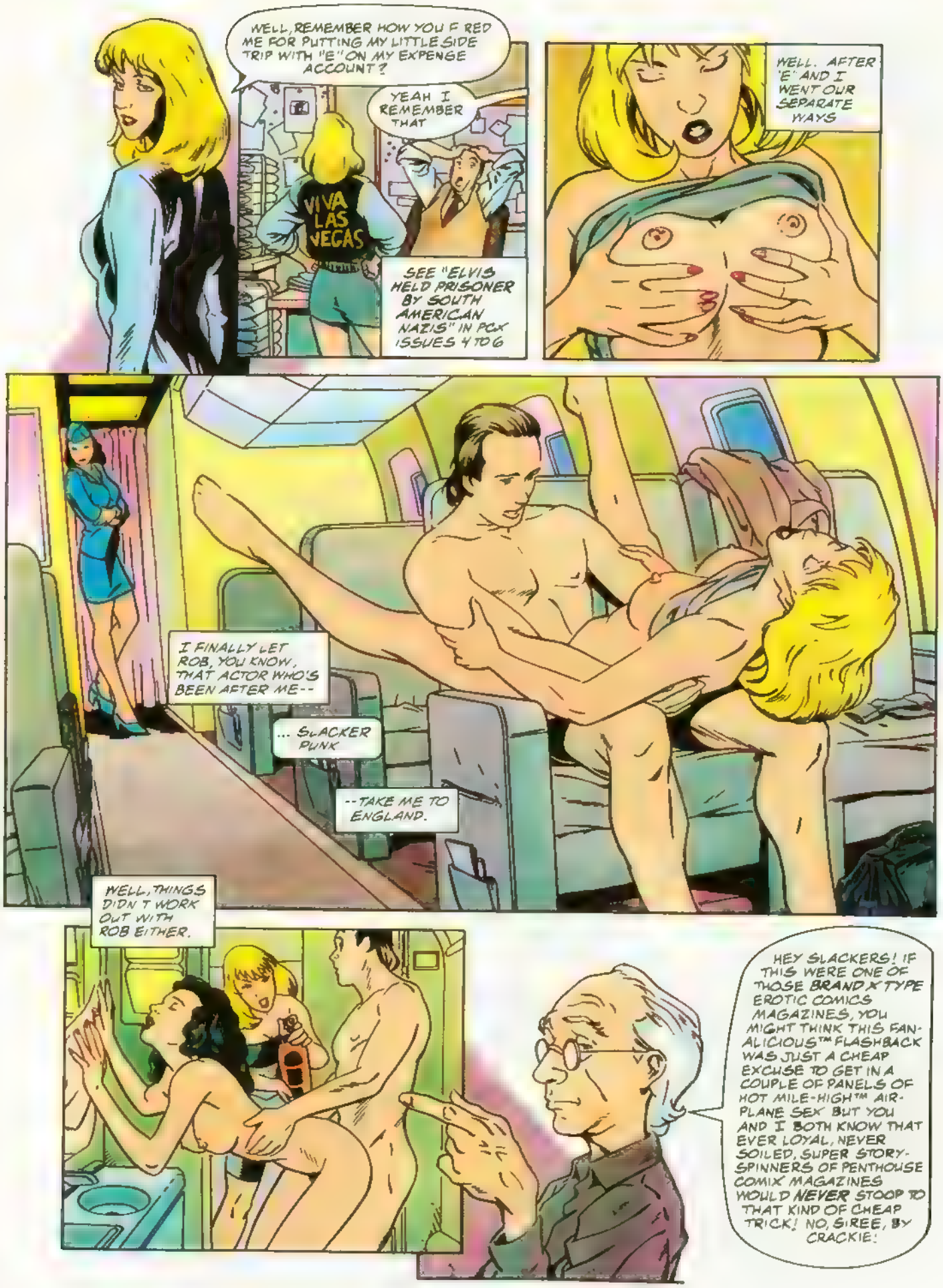
YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME
OF COURSE I DO REBECCA, LUV...
NOW WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THIS AND FINISH WHAT YOU STARTED...


LATER, AT THE OFFICES OF THE WEEKLY WORLD ENQUIRER AT THE PONCE DE LEON TRAILER PARK IN KISSIMEE ST. CLOUD, FLORIDA...
STOP THE PRESSES!
STORI. WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU WANT?
PRINCESS DI ABDUCTED BY ALIENS
HOW MANY P'S IN RAPIST?

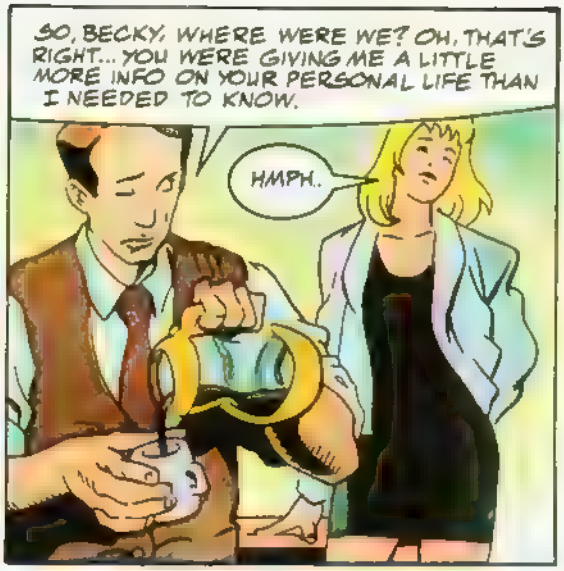
THIS FOR REAL?
WE'VE GOT THE WHOLE THING ON TAPE. RIGHT, CHIVE?
PRINCESS DI ABDUCTED BY ALIENS!
I'LL GIVE YOU A SIGNED AFFIDAVIT, VIC. FOR A CONSIDERATION, OF COURSE.

VENDEEN, YOU FUCKING MISCREANT, SLAP SOME EYEBALLS ON THIS VID! KILLA, GET KENSINGTON PALACE ON THE HORN FOR A CONFIRM. ELLA! PLEASE GET SOME TEA!

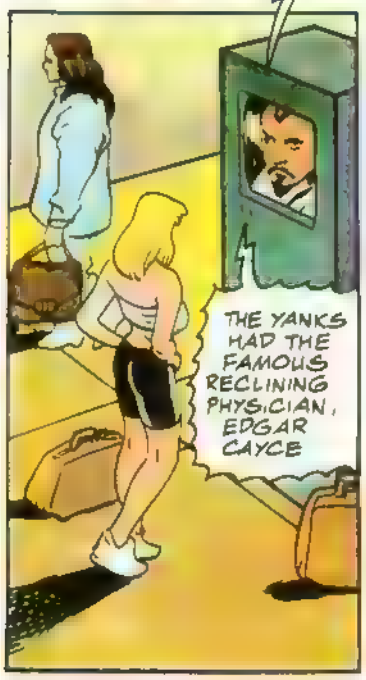
MAN, OH, MAN, BECKITA. IF THIS IS REAL, WE'RE GONNA HAVE SOME FUN...
DO I HAVE MY OLD JOB BACK, VICTOR?
PRINCESS DI ABDUCTED BY ALIENS!
SURE. SURE. HOW DID YOU COME BY THIS?

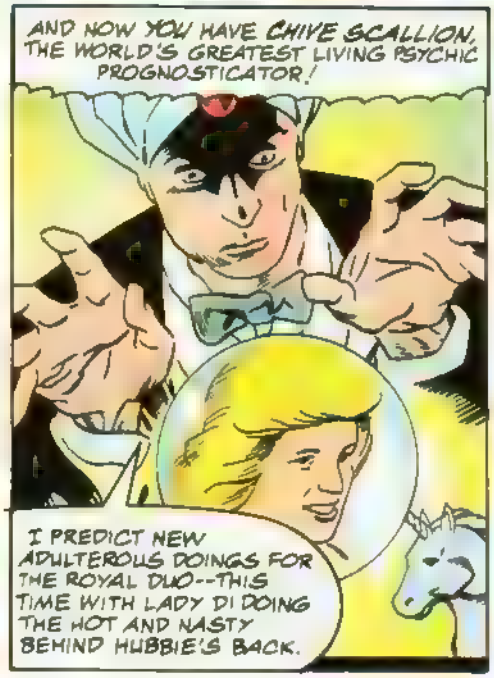

WELL, REMEMBER HOW YOU F RED ME FOR PUTTING MY LITTLE SIDE TRIP WITH "E" ON MY EXPENSE ACCOUNT?
YEAH I REMEMBER THAT
VIVA LAS VEGAS
SEE "ELVIS HELD PRISONER BY SOUTH AMERICAN NAZIS" IN PCX ISSUES 4 TO 6
WELL. AFTER 'E' AND I WENT OUR SEPARATE WAYS
I FINALLY LET ROB, YOU KNOW, THAT ACTOR WHO'S BEEN AFTER ME--
... SLACKER PUNK
--TAKE ME TO ENGLAND.
WELL, THINGS DIDN T WORK OUT WITH ROB EITHER.
HEY SLACKERS! IF THIS WERE ONE OF THOSE BRAND X TYPE EROTIC COMICS MAGAZINES, YOU MIGHT THINK THIS FAN-ALICIOUS™ FLASHBACK WAS JUST A CHEAP EXCUSE TO GET IN A COUPLE OF PANELS OF HOT MILE-HIGH™ AIR-PLANE SEX BUT YOU AND I BOTH KNOW THAT EVER LOYAL, NEVER SOILED, SUPER STORY-SPINNERS OF PENTHOUSE COMIX MAGAZINES WOULD NEVER STOOP TO THAT KIND OF CHEAP TRICK! NO, SIREE, BY CRACKIE!

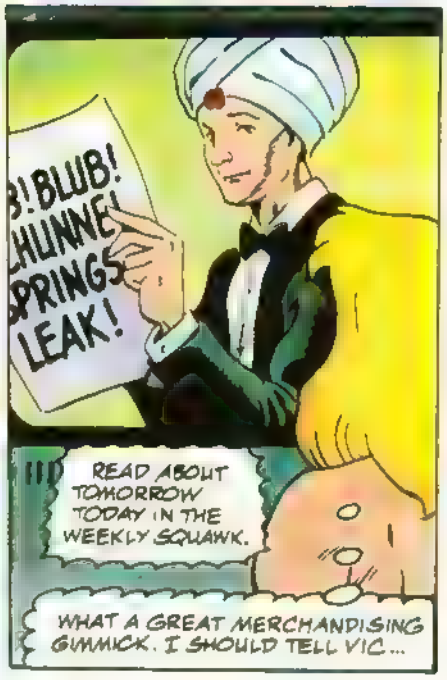
LOOKS LEGIT TO ME, VIC
GOOD. PULL SOME BACKGROUND, SIGHTINGS, DI, CROP CIRCLES
FLICK
WHAT DOES CROP CIRCLES.?


SO, BECKY, WHERE WERE WE? OH, THAT'S RIGHT... YOU WERE GIVING ME A LITTLE MORE INFO ON YOUR PERSONAL LIFE THAN I NEEDED TO KNOW.
HMPH.

SO THERE I WAS--STRANDED IN HEATHROW AIRPORT WITHOUT ENOUGH MONEY TO FLY HOME. THAT'S WHEN IT HIT ME...
THE FRENCH HAD THE MYSTIC POET NOSTRADAMUS.


THE YANKS HAD THE FAMOUS RECLINING PHYSICIAN, EDGAR CAYCE

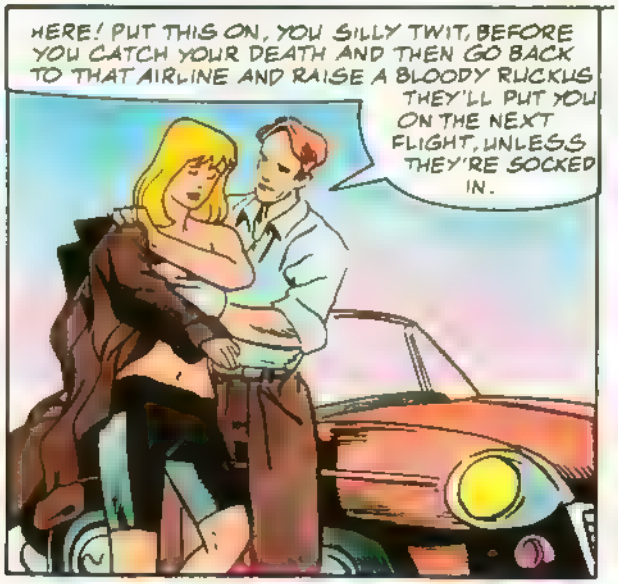

AND NOW YOU HAVE CHIVE SCALLION, THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIVING PSYCHIC PROGNOSTICATOR!
I PREDICT NEW ADULTEROUS DOINGS FOR THE ROYAL DUO--THIS TIME WITH LADY DI DOING THE HOT AND NASTY BEHIND HUBBIE'S BACK.


BLUB! SPRINGS LEAK!
READ ABOUT TOMORROW TODAY IN THE WEEKLY SQUAWK.
WHAT A GREAT MERCHANDISING GIMMICK. I SHOULD TELL VIC...

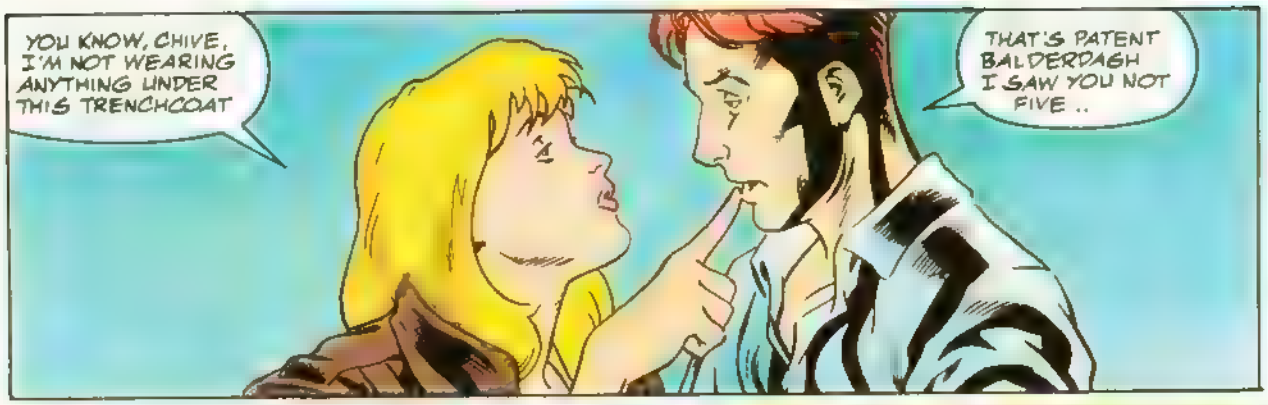
AND I WOULD HAVE TOLD YOU, TOO, VIC, IF YOU HADN'T FIRED ME JUST BECAUSE POOR E'S MONEY WAS TIED UP WITH HIS ESTATE.
HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU? CALL ME CHIEF.

HEY! CHIVE SCALLION! IN PERSON!
I ONLY SIGN AUTOGRAPHS ONCE A MONTH FOR MONEY.

PLEASE CHIVE. I'M JUST DESPERATE FOR A JOB. ANYTHING! OTHERWISE I'M GOING TO HAVE TO SWIM HOME.
YOU'RE BREAKING ME HEART..


HERE! PUT THIS ON, YOU SILLY TWIT, BEFORE YOU CATCH YOUR DEATH AND THEN GO BACK TO THAT AIRLINE AND RAISE A BLOODY RUCKUS THEY'LL PUT YOU ON THE NEXT FLIGHT, UNLESS THEY'RE SOCKED IN.

YOU RE GETTING ON THAT PLANE REBECCA. MAYBE NOT FOR A FEW HOURS, BUT SOON--OR I'LL REGRET IT FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE
C'MON, CHIVE. ALL YOU NEED TO MAKE YOUR PREDICTION COME TRUE IS TO CATCH DIANA FUCKING SOMEBODY.
I CAN HELP YOU WITH THAT


YOU KNOW, CHIVE, I'M NOT WEARING ANYTHING UNDER THIS TRENCHCOAT
THAT'S PATENT BALDERDASH I SAW YOU NOT FIVE ..

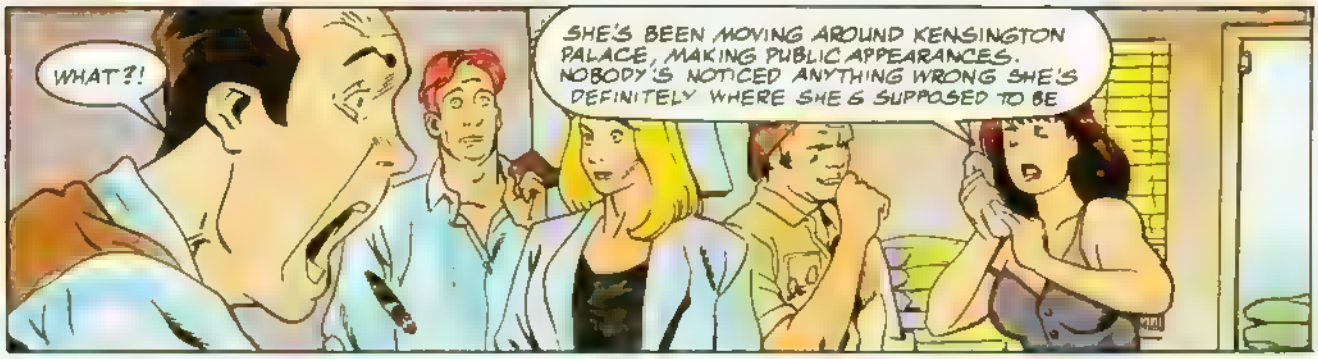
OH SO YOU'VE REMOVED THEM? HOW VERY CLEVER OF YOU.
TELL ME A WOMAN WHO'S WILLING TO STRIP AND COME ACROSS WITH A LITTLE ACTION ISN'T USEFUL TO YOU, CHIVE.

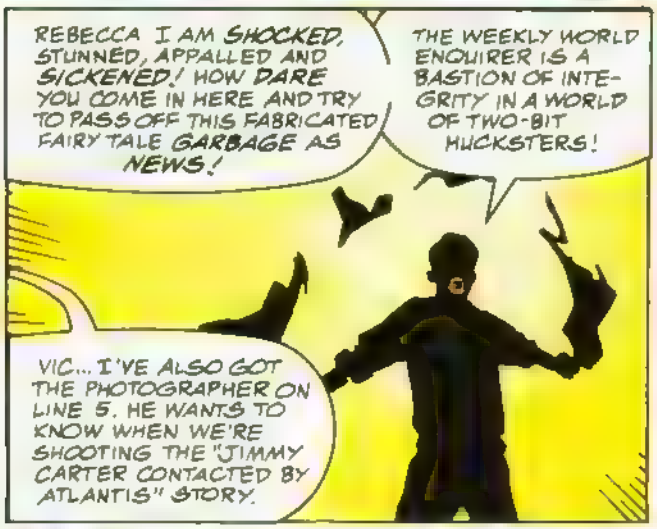
WELL, NOTHING COULD BE MORE USEFUL AT TIMES, OF COURSE, BUT...

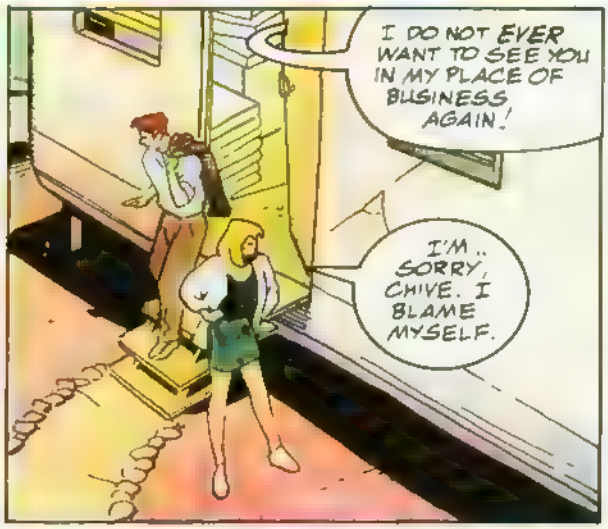
I WOULD BE VERY NICE TO YOU, CHIVE, IF YOU WOULD JUST LET ME HELP YOU GET THE GOODS ON LADY DI.
ZZZIP!

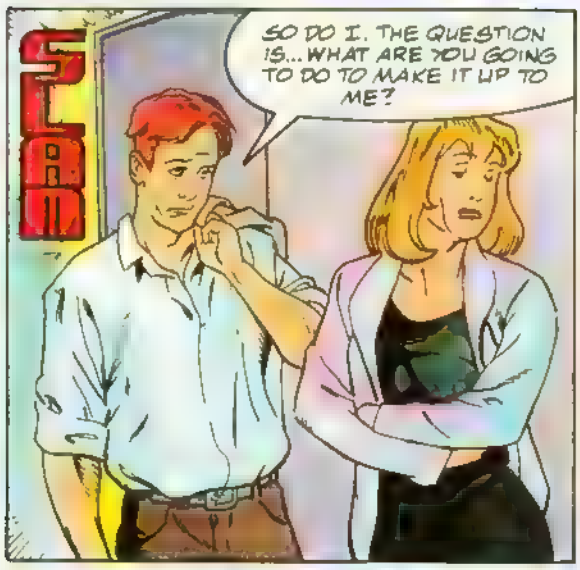
SO SHE OFFERED TO FUCK YOU, AND YOU GAVE HER HER WAY?
THAT'S ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT. SORRY VIC.
DON'T BE, CHIVE NO ONE LASTS LONG WHEN BECKITA'S GOT A BEAD ON 'EM. THE QUESTION IS, WHERE DID THESE ALIENS TAKE THE PRINCESS AND WHAT DO THEY INTEND TO DO WITH HER?

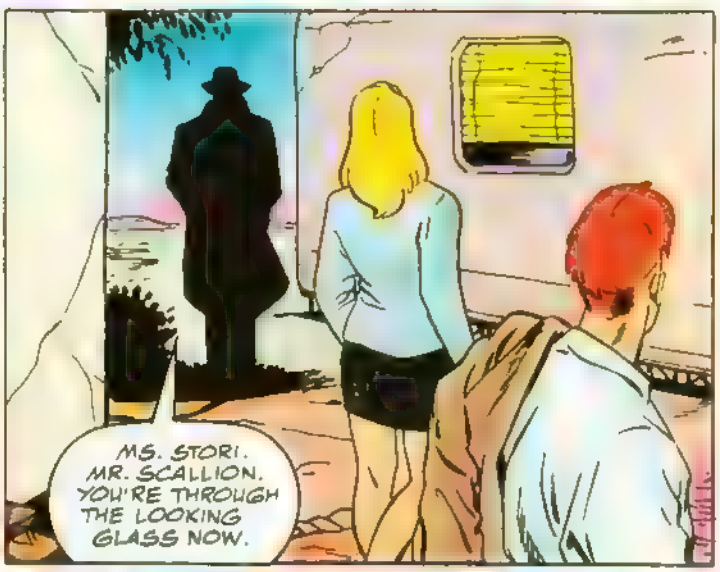
KILLA-- WHAT YOU GOT?
LADY DI AIN'T MISSING, VIC. NOT EVEN A LITTLE BIT.

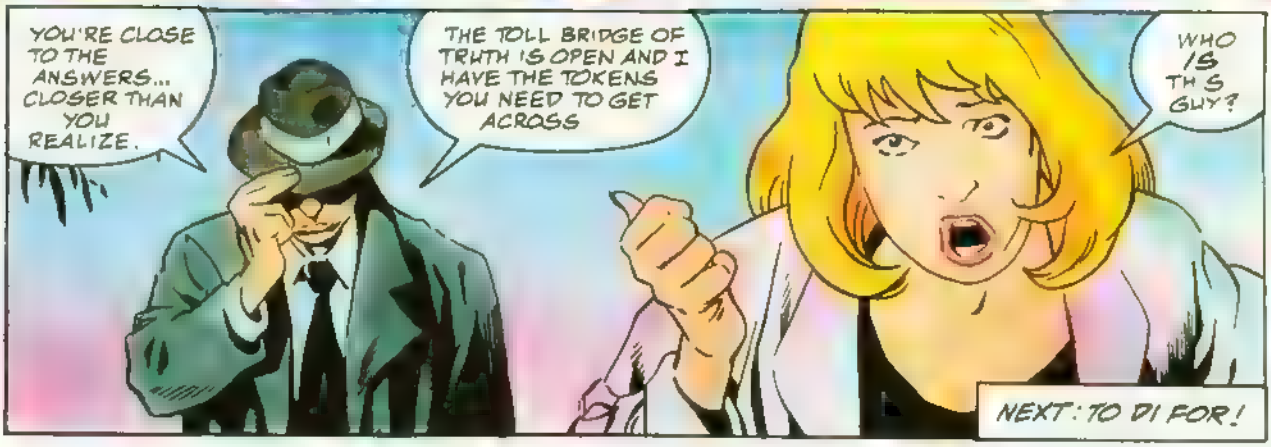

WHAT?!
SHE'S BEEN MOVING AROUND KENSINGTON PALACE, MAKING PUBLIC APPEARANCES. NOBODY'S NOTICED ANYTHING WRONG SHE'S DEFINITELY WHERE SHE'S SUPPOSED TO BE


REBECCA I AM SHOCKED, STUNNED, APPALLED AND SICKENED! HOW DARE YOU COME IN HERE AND TRY TO PASS OFF THIS FABRICATED FAIRY TALE GARBAGE AS NEWS!
THE WEEKLY WORLD ENQUIRER IS A BASTION OF INTEGRITY IN A WORLD OF TWO-BIT HUCKSTERS!
VIC... I'VE ALSO GOT THE PHOTOGRAPHER ON LINE 5. HE WANTS TO KNOW WHEN WE'RE SHOOTING THE "JIMMY CARTER CONTACTED BY ATLANTIS" STORY.


I DO NOT EVER WANT TO SEE YOU IN MY PLACE OF BUSINESS AGAIN!
I'M.. SORRY, CHIVE. I BLAME MYSELF.


SO DO I. THE QUESTION IS... WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO MAKE IT UP TO ME?


MS. STORI. MR. SCALLION. YOU'RE THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS NOW.


YOU'RE CLOSE TO THE ANSWERS... CLOSER THAN YOU REALIZE.
THE TOLL BRIDGE OF TRUTH IS OPEN AND I HAVE THE TOKENS YOU NEED TO GET ACROSS
WHO IS THIS GUY?
NEXT: TO DI FOR!

Bethlehem STEELE

Episode 9: "ANSWERS"

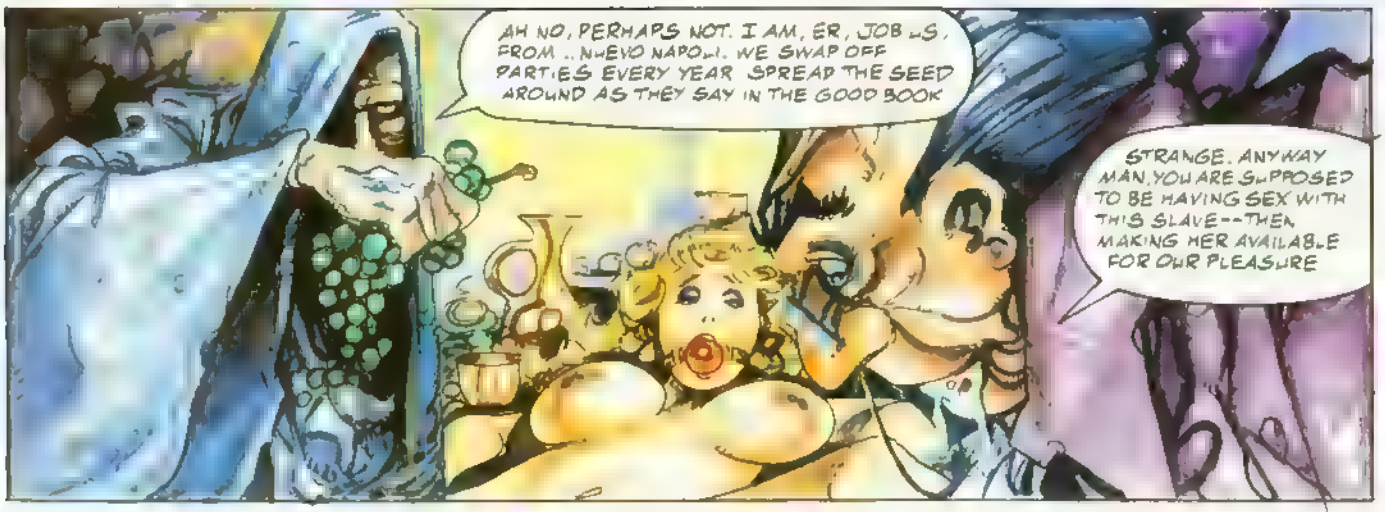
Our Story Thus Far:

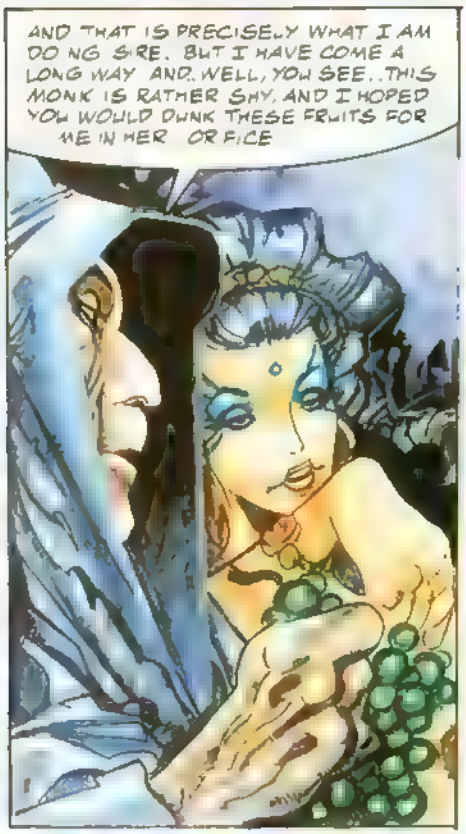
Bethlehem Steele is an android designed to be the perfect woman. Found drifting in space with no knowledge of her past or her true cybernetic nature, Beth was sold into slavery on the Throne World of the Domain, a sinister galactic empire ruled by the Majestrix Daxor, a cruel tyrant who delights in sexually tormenting beautiful female slaves like Beth. Life in the Majestrix' household has not been easy for Beth, as she's is programmed to crave sexual stimulation the way that humans crave food and water. She aches for release as her hunger continues to be denied by the evil empress. The night before the annual Pony Rides, Jebius, the Majestrix's major dome (and head sex tormentor) is mysteriously killed in a fire.

At the Pony Ride sex festival, the elder monks are allowed to partake in the ardent activities. A Brother Andrew requests Beth for his pleasure... it is actually Jebius. He needs Beth's help to overthrow Majestrix Daxor's evil, despotic rule...

WRITERS: Caragonne & Thornton
ARTIST: Azpiri
LETTERS: Williams

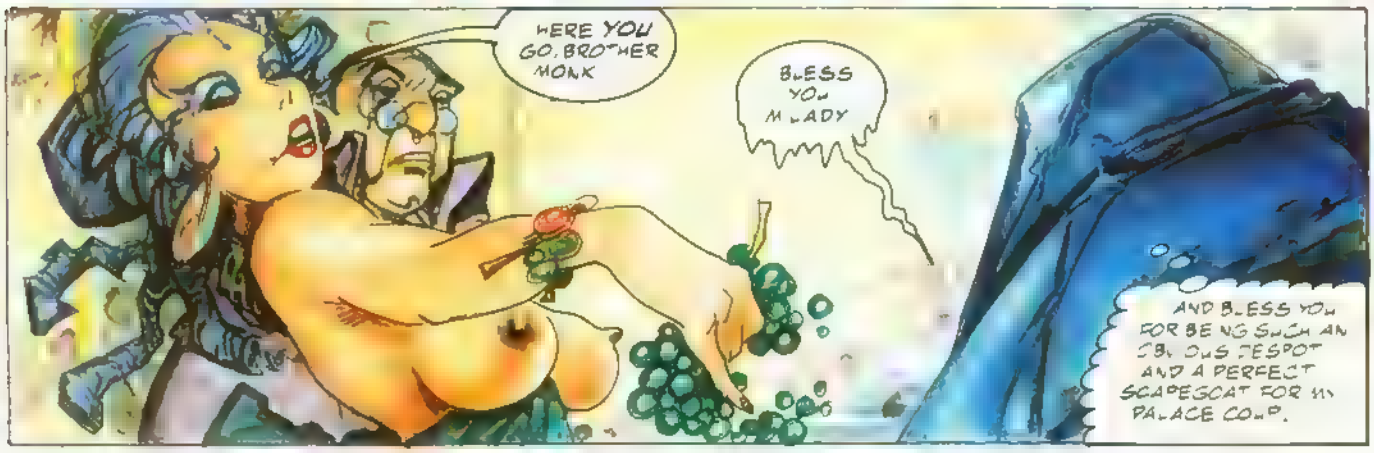
BETH HAS JUST FOUND OUT THAT HER WOULD-BE TORMENTOR, JOBIUS, IS ACTUALLY LEADER OF A RESISTENCE MOVEMENT NAMED "ANDREW"...
LISTEN TO ME, OUTWORLDER. 'BETH" YOU CALL YOURSELF, I BELIEVE
YOUR POSITION IS HUMILIATING, I KNOW, BUT FAR WORSE IS IN STORE FOR YOU, BELIEVE ME. INCLUDING EXTERMINATION UNLESS YOU LISTEN... SOMEONE COMES---!
AH, YOUR LORD STEPHANO AND LADYSHIP IDEE. ENJOYING THE FESTIVITIES?
AND WHAT OF YOU, BROTHER? ENJOYING YOUR ONE DAY RESPITE FROM THE DIRE CONFINES OF CHASTITY?
QUITE SO HA, HA QUITE SO.
I DON T BELIEVE WE VE MET.


AH NO, PERHAPS NOT. I AM, ER, JOB US, FROM .. NUEVO NAPOLI. WE SWAP OFF PARTIES EVERY YEAR SPREAD THE SEED AROUND AS THEY SAY IN THE GOOD BOOK
STRANGE. ANYWAY MAN, YOU ARE SUPPOSED TO BE HAVING SEX WITH THIS SLAVE--THEN MAKING HER AVAILABLE FOR OUR PLEASURE

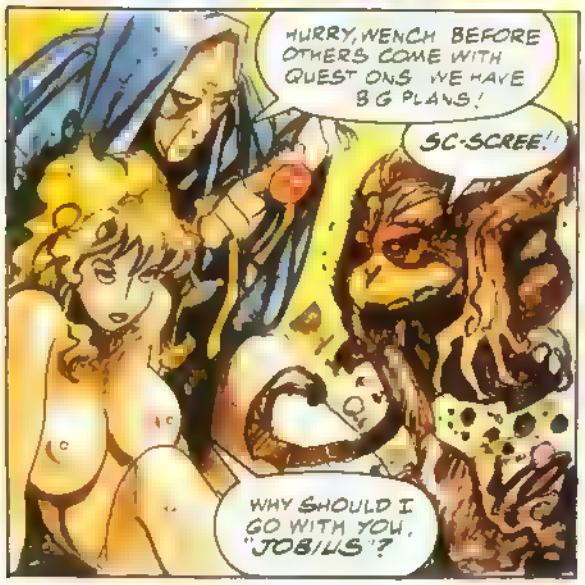

AND THAT IS PRECISELY WHAT I AM DOING SIRE. BUT I HAVE COME A LONG WAY AND, WELL, YOU SEE..THIS MONK IS RATHER SHY, AND I HOPED YOU WOULD DUNK THESE FRUITS FOR ME IN HER ORIFICE

OF COURSE BROTHER MONK REALLY STEPHANO MUST YOU BRING YOUR SUSPICIOUS MIND WHEREVER YOU GO?

BE QUIET AND EAT DEAR..
BUT


HERE YOU GO, BROTHER MONK
BLESS YOU MLADY
AND BLESS YOU FOR BEING SUCH AN OBVIOUS TYRANT AND A PERFECT SCAPEGOAT FOR MY PALACE COUP.

EAT HEARTY BROTHER MONK AS FOR YOU DEAR HUSBAND I THINK PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER FEED MY LITTLE MONKEY AND RELAX
OH LOOK.
HA HA YOU'D BETTER HURRY AND TAKE HER BROTHER MONK BEFORE YOUR HAIRY RIVAL SHOWS YOU THE WAY
GO AWAY BEAST.
MMF! MMF!

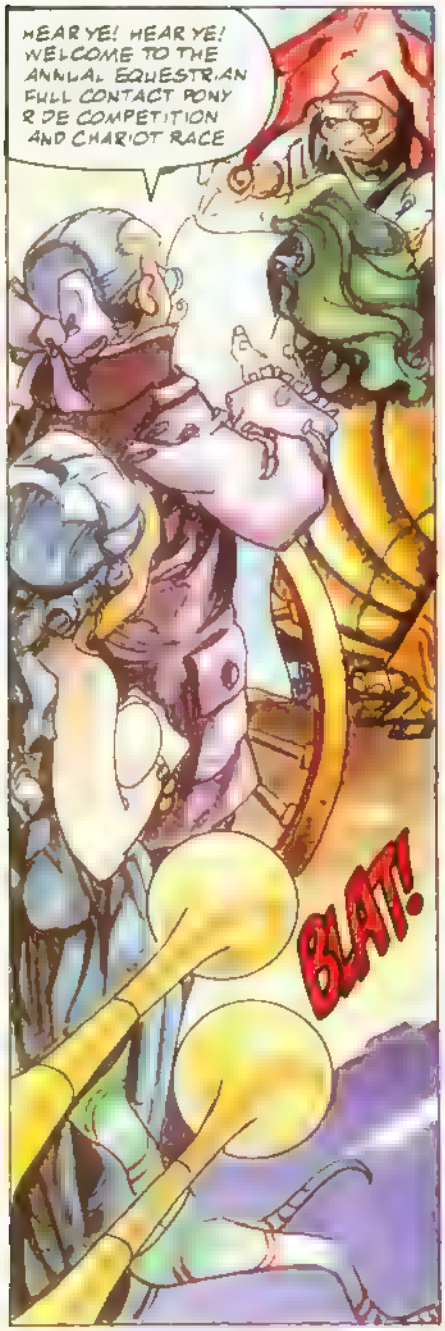

HURRY, WENCH BEFORE OTHERS COME WITH QUESTIONS WE HAVE BIG PLANS!
SC-SCREE!!
WHY SHOULD I GO WITH YOU, "JOBILUS"?

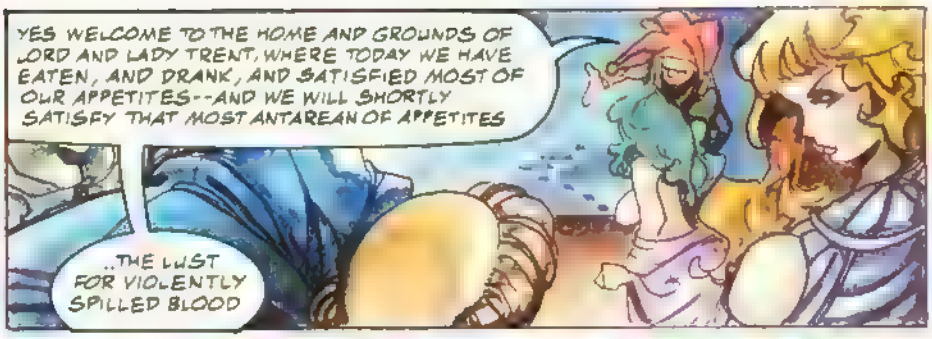
DON'T BE A FOOL... I AM THE ONLY FRIEND YOU HAVE ON THIS GODFORSAKEN MY HAND.
AIEE!
SO YOU SAY
WHAT IS YOUR PROOF?

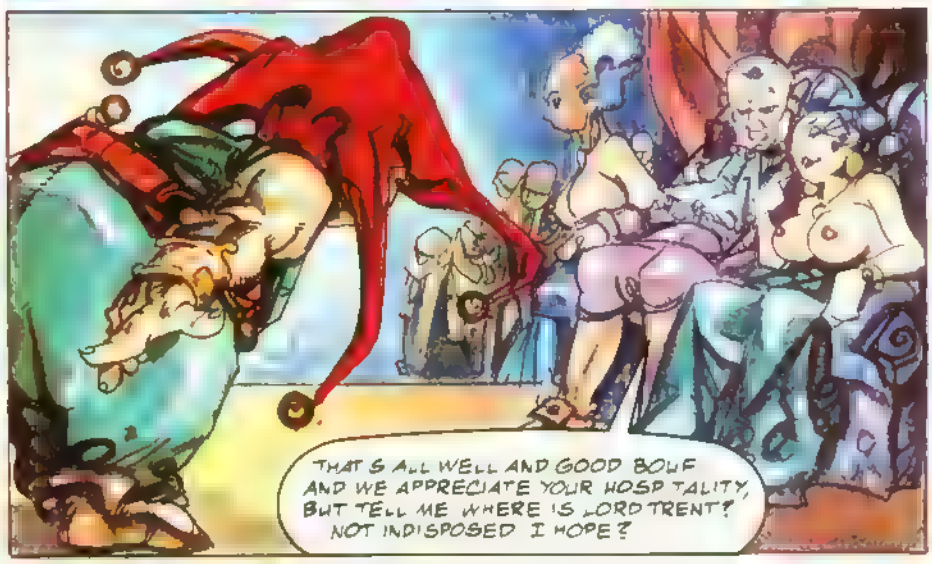
IT'S TRUE WHAT THEY SAY, THEN? WHAT YOU POSSESS POWERS THAT WOULD HELP US, THAT YOU ARE
NOT OF THIS WORLD? YES TO BOTH

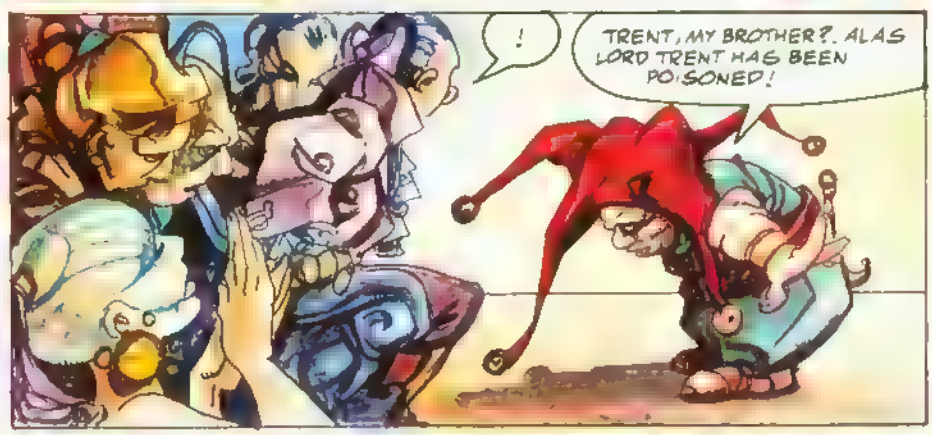
T IS WELL KNOWN THAT I WAS FOUND DRIFTING IN SPACE BY A PLEASURE SHIP AND TURNED OVER TO THE SLAVERS OF ANTARES. YOUR MASTERS.
YES, YES BUT IT IS CLEAR NOW THAT YOU ARE NOT FROM ANY WORLD OUR POOR CIVILIZATION HAS BEEN FORMALLY INTRODUCED TO
I DON'T UNDERSTAND
NO TIME! WE MUST ACT NOW--
"MY 'BROTHER' MONKS AND THE ROYALTY ARE PREOCCUPIED WITH THIS WRETCHED FESTIVAL. I MUST OUTFIT YOU FOR COMBAT"
WHAT'S THIS?
A WEAPON AND ARMOR YOU WILL NEED IT
WHAT MANNER OF ARMOR IS THIS?
BLAME THE ROYALS AND THEIR ACCURSED PERVERSE SEX DESIRE
BELIEVE ME GIRL YOU CAN LOSE A BREAST AND LIVE
GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON WHY I SHOULD NOT PLUNGE THIS BLADE IN YOUR VITAL ORGANS
ARE YOU MAD? WHY WOULD I ARM AND EQUIP YOU IF I MEANT YOU HARM?

INDEED, WHY WOULD YOU BEAT AND TORTURE ME, SUBJECT ME TO A DOZEN HUMILIATIONS...
DON'T BE A FOOL! I HAVE A ROLE TO PLAY. DO YOU THINK THEY WOULD LET ANYONE OPENLY SYMPATHETIC TO SLAVES ANYWHERE NEAR THEIR PRECIOUS PROPERTY?
IF YOU ARE LYING TO ME--I WILL SURELY KILL YOU
IF YOU GIVE ME AWAY, YOU WILL HAVE TO FIGHT WITH A HUNDRED PARTY GUESTS FOR THE HONOR
SOON THE BLOODY GAMES BEGIN... AND THUS ANDREW'S PLAN FOR REVOLT..
TAKE THIS MACE YOUR INVINCIBLE STRENGTH MAY GIVE YOU AN EDGE AGAINST THE VICIOUS DWARF AND HIS BITCH
WHO?!
HA! THE OUTWORLDER. THIS SHOULD BE GOOD SPORT!


HEAR YE! HEAR YE! WELCOME TO THE ANNUAL EQUESTRIAN FULL CONTACT PONY R DE COMPETITION AND CHARIOT RACE
BLAT!


YES WELCOME TO THE HOME AND GROUNDS OF LORD AND LADY TRENT, WHERE TODAY WE HAVE EATEN, AND DRANK, AND SATISFIED MOST OF OUR APPETITES--AND WE WILL SHORTLY SATISFY THAT MOST ANTAREAN OF APPETITES
..THE LUST FOR VIOLENTLY SPILLED BLOOD


THAT'S ALL WELL AND GOOD BOUF AND WE APPRECIATE YOUR HOSPITALITY, BUT TELL ME WHERE IS LORD TRENT? NOT INDISPOSED I HOPE?


!
TRENT, MY BROTHER?. ALAS LORD TRENT HAS BEEN POISONED!

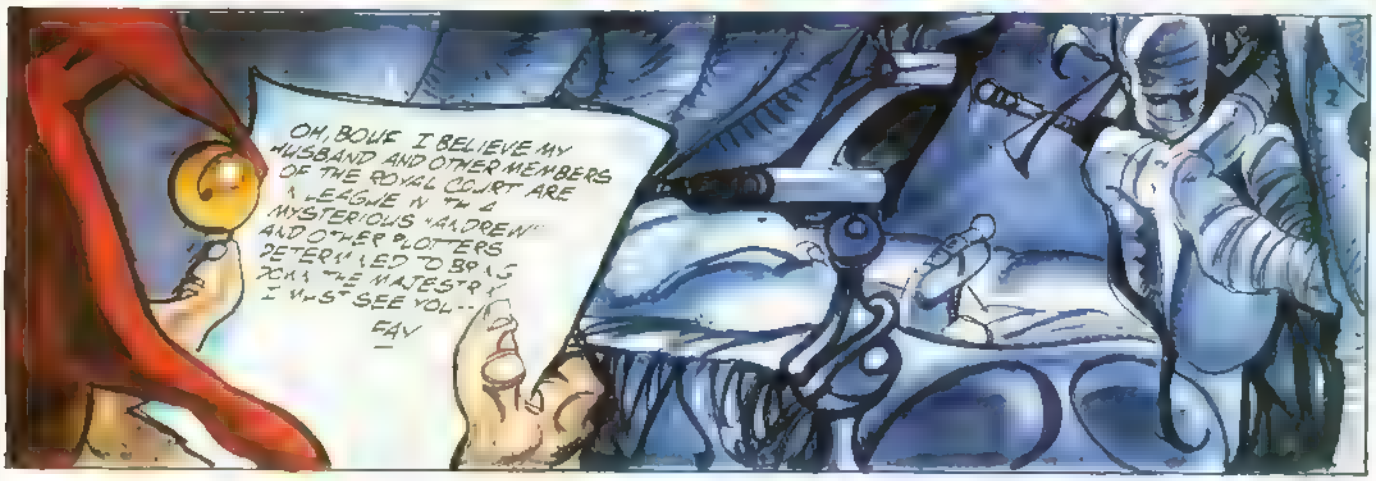
ODD THAT YOU WOULD ASK, STEPHANO, THE PLIGHT OF MY BROTHER HAS BEEN KEPT SECRET...
...UNTIL WE COULD FIND SOME INFORMATION ON WHO COULD HAVE DONE SUCH A THING... TRAITORS AND REVOLUTIONARIES ABOUND.

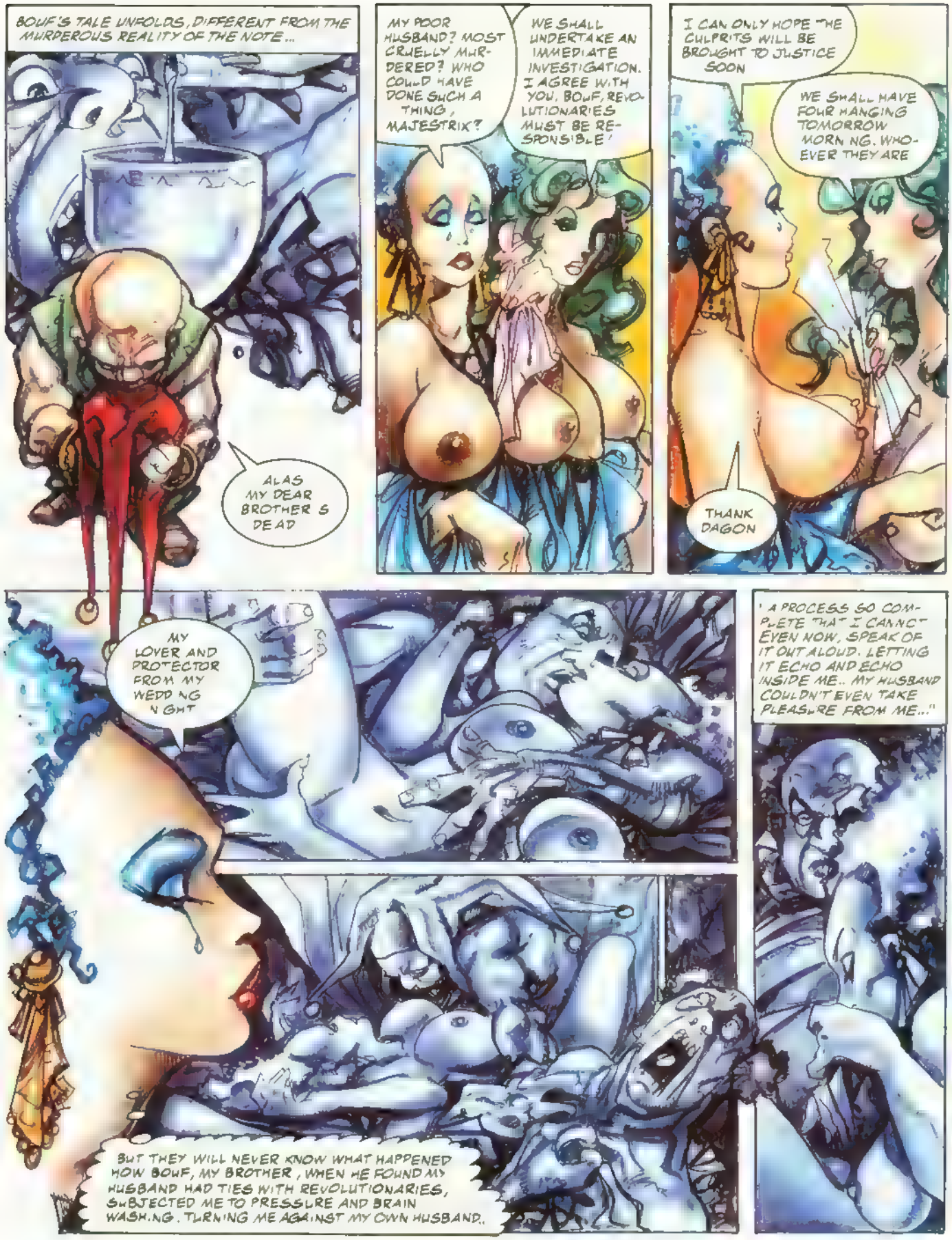
WHO COULD HAVE LEFT MY SISTER-IN-LAW A PATHETIC DISTRAUGHT WIDOW?

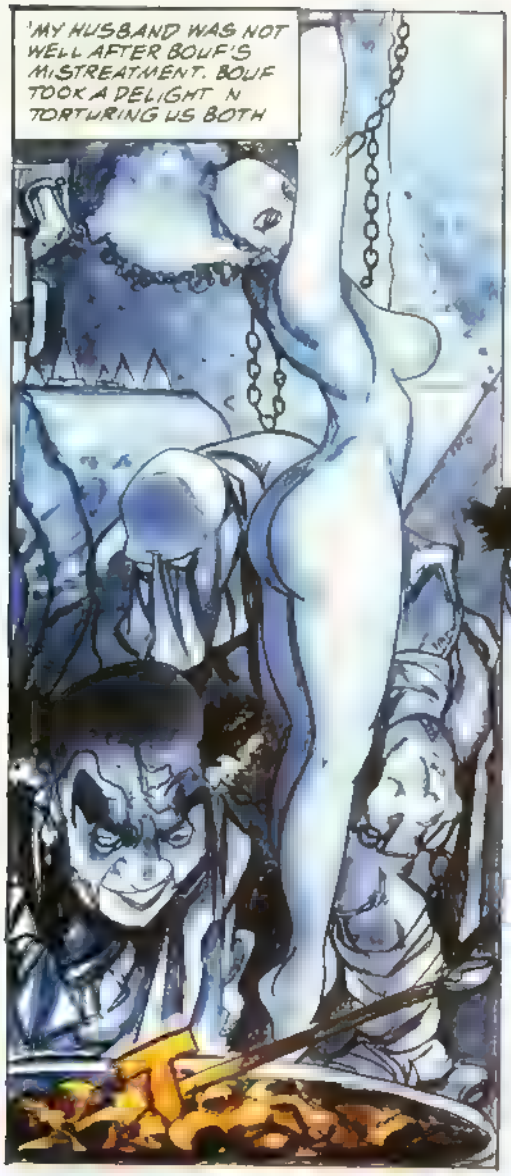
NO DOUBT, REVOLUTIONARIES HAVE KILLED HIM

BUT DEAR BOUF SURELY TRENT IS NOT YET ?
ALAS LADY FAY, MY DEAR SISTER-IN-LAW I DID NOT WISH TO DISTURB THE FESTIVITIES.

BUT I RECEIVED THIS CARD NOT TEN MINUTES AGO AND

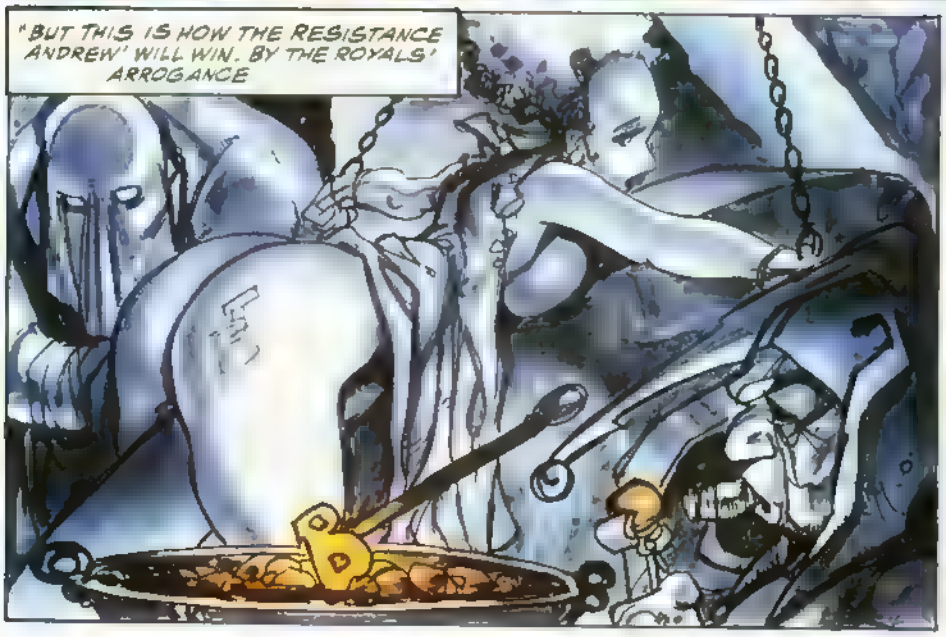

OH, BOUF I BELIEVE MY HUSBAND AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL COURT ARE IN LEAGUE WITH THE MYSTERIOUS VALDREN AND OTHER PLOTTERS DETERMINED TO BRING DOWN THE MAJESTY! I MUST SEE YOU--
FAY


BOUF'S TALE UNFOLDS, DIFFERENT FROM THE MURDEROUS REALITY OF THE NOTE...
ALAS MY DEAR BROTHER S DEAD
MY POOR HUSBAND? MOST CRUELLY MURDERED? WHO COULD HAVE DONE SUCH A THING, MAJESTRIX?
WE SHALL UNDERTAKE AN IMMEDIATE INVESTIGATION. I AGREE WITH YOU, BOUF, REVOLUTIONARIES MUST BE RESPONSIBLE!
I CAN ONLY HOPE THE CULPRITS WILL BE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE SOON
WE SHALL HAVE FOUR HANGING TOMORROW MORN NG. WHOEVER THEY ARE
THANK DAGON
MY LOVER AND PROTECTOR FROM MY WEDD NG N GHT
"A PROCESS SO COMPLETE THAT I CANNOT EVEN NOW, SPEAK OF IT OUT ALOUD. LETTING IT ECHO AND ECHO INSIDE ME.. MY HUSBAND COULDN'T EVEN TAKE PLEASURE FROM ME..."
BUT THEY WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT HAPPENED NOW BOUF, MY BROTHER, WHEN HE FOUND MY HUSBAND HAD TIES WITH REVOLUTIONARIES, SUBJECTED ME TO PRESSURE AND BRAIN WASH.NG. TURNING ME AGAINST MY OWN HUSBAND..

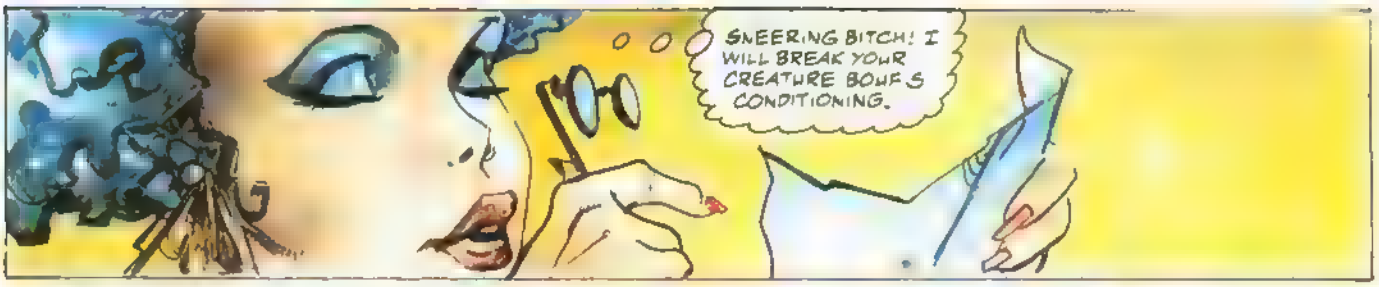

'MY HUSBAND WAS NOT WELL AFTER BOUF'S MISTREATMENT. BOUF TOOK A DELIGHT N TORTURING US BOTH

AT FIRST WE THOUGHT HE TRULY WANTED TO DO THE MAJESTRIX BIDDING AND ROOT OUT TRAITORS "

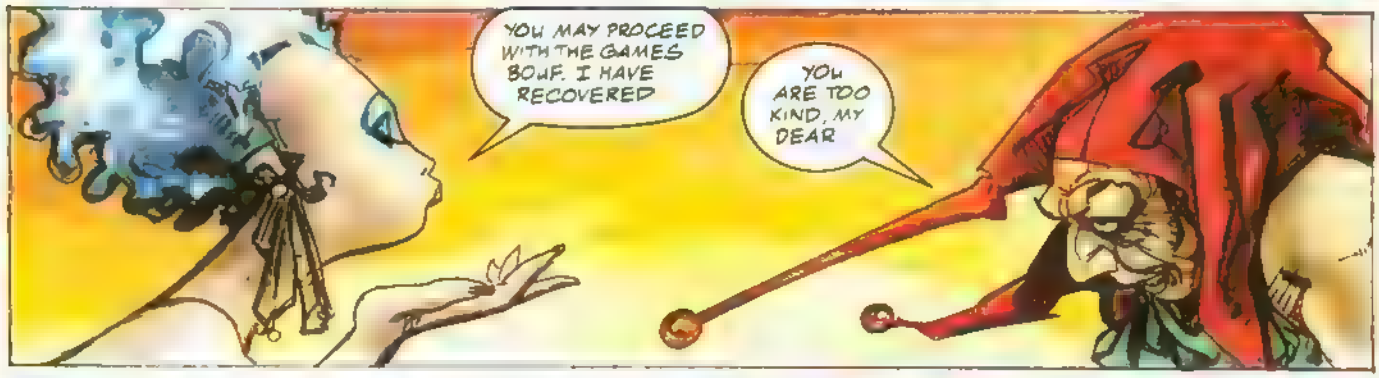
'BUT THEN WE FOUND THIS WAS A SIMPLE HUMILIATION, OFFICE POLITICS, AND WE WERE JUST ANOTHER IN A LONG LIST OF OBEDIENCE TASKS BOUF HAD ASSIGNED HIMSELF TO "


"BUT THIS IS HOW THE RESISTANCE ANDREW' WILL WIN. BY THE ROYALS' ARROGANCE

I'M SORRY, MAJESTRIX, I'M OVERCOME BY THE SIGHT OF MY HUSBAND
:YAWN: YES, YOU'RE BRINGING DOWN OUR FESTIVE MOOD. LET THE GAMES BEGIN!


SNEERING BITCH! I WILL BREAK YOUR CREATURE BOUF'S CONDITIONING.

THIS NOTE "ANDREW". I REMEMBER RESISTANCE COMMUNIQUE THAT HAD JOBILS' WRITING THAT NEW MONK. IF HE IS THE KEY... I WILL HELP!
YES, THEIR ARROGANCE WILL BE THEIR UNDOING, MY HUSBAND'S VENGEANCE AND MY SALVATION...


YOU MAY PROCEED WITH THE GAMES BOUF. I HAVE RECOVERED
YOU ARE TOO KIND, MY DEAR

I DEMAND A BATTLE WITH THE OUTWORLDER! ROXANNE GIDDYAP!
YES MASTER!

WE'LL SOON SEE A PERSON OF MY ROYAL TALENTS FARES AGAINST THE TREASONOUS OUTWORLDER.
THAT I SUSPECT SIN LEAGUE WITH THE RESISTANCE. TO THE DEATH!

I WILL REPRESENT THE TRENT CASTLE IN THE COMPETITION-- UNLESS OF COURSE YOU STEPHANO ?
.. WOULD LIKE TO FIGHT THIS BATTLE IN MY PLACE ?
ER, NO NOT AT ALL
NO OF COURSE NOT I WILL HAVE YOUR LADY DEE LIKE I TOOK POOR TRENT'S WIFE! TRAITORS ALL!
INDEED! YOUR EXCELLENCE LIES IN THE AREA OF SELF-INDULGENCE AND NOT IN THE AREA OF ACQUITTING YOURSELF ON THE FIELD OF VALOR AS A MAN
BUCK BUCK BUUUUCK.
HA! HA! HA!
THE FIRST OPPONENT WILL BE SUPPLIED BY TRADITION BY THE BROTHERS OF THE MONASTERY AS PAYMENT FOR THE WORLDLY LUXURIES--THE FOOD WINE AND

OTHER COMFORTS WITH WHICH WE SUPPLY OUR RELIGIOUS FRIENDS EACH YEAR

WE ARE READY TO COMPETE, AS USUAL, COUNT THAT IS TO SAY THE NEW LORD TRENT
BROTHER EARL.

HAS KINDLY VOLUNTEERED TO BE OUR CHAMPION.

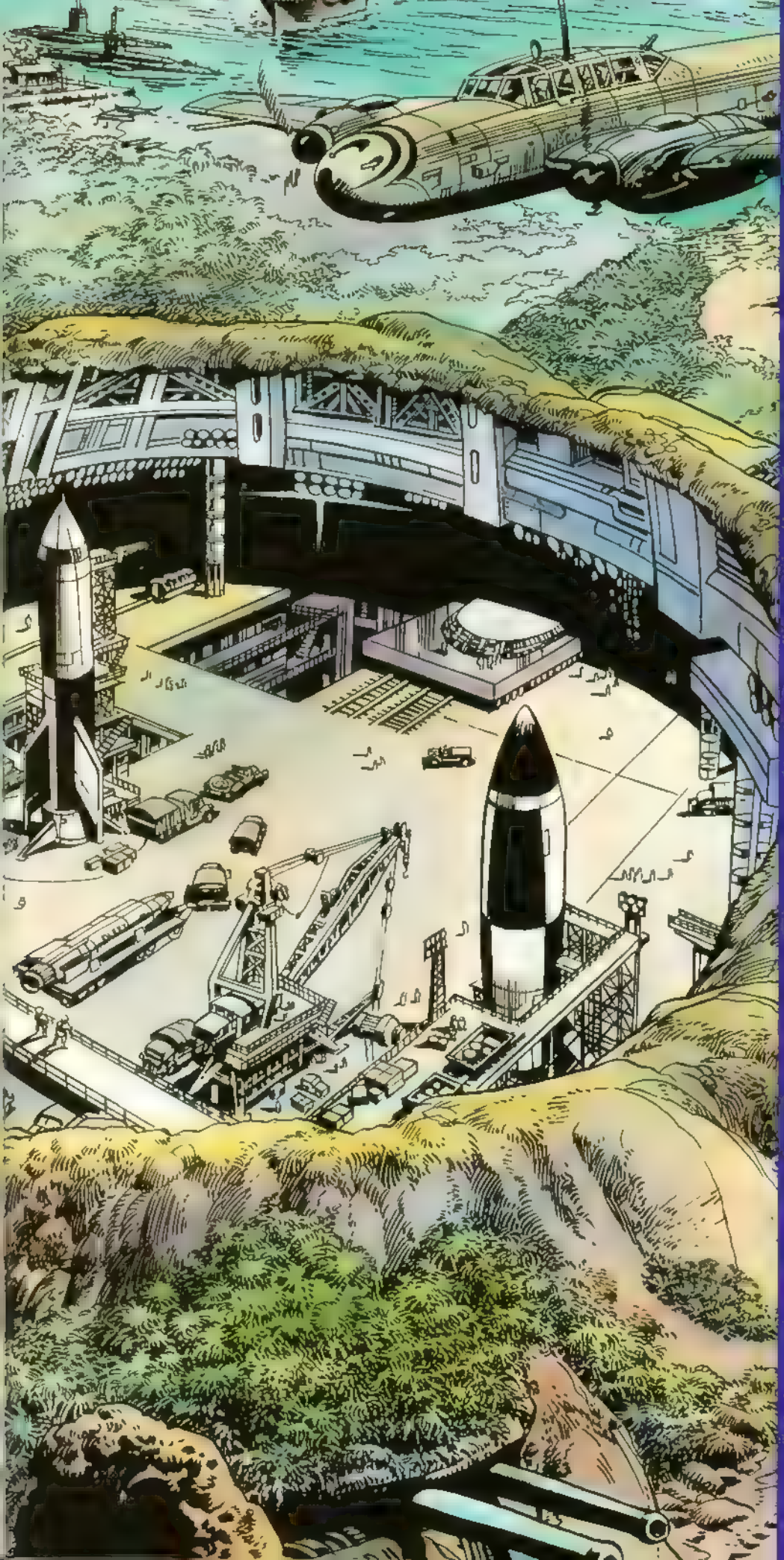
NO. I WANT TO FIGHT THIS ONE
HA! I WILL KILL THE OUTWORLDER AND ONE OF THE MONKS KNOWN TO BE WITH THE RESISTANCE
I DON'T KNOW, YOUR LORDSHIP THE TRADITION YOU MENTION DOES NOT REALLY ALLOW YOU TO.

MY TRADITION IS THAT TODAY, IN MY NEW CASTLE, I PICK MY OPPONENT MUST I HAVE MY MEN BREAK THE LEGS OF EVERY OTHER MONK SO THAT THIS MONK IS FORCED TO COMPETE?
THE USUAL THREATS WILL NOT BE NECESSARY LORD TRENT I WILL COMPETE.
YES, BROTHER ANDREW HAS ALREADY APPRAISED ME
DO NOT WORRY, BROTHER MONK THERE ARE POWERS I HAVE--
!!
OH OUTWORLDER--
--DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE PAIN I PROMISE IT WILL BE OVER QUICKLY. BOUF KNOWS ALL TOO WELL OF YOUR OTHERWORDLY ATTRIBUTES.
MAY YOU HAVE A GOOD DEATH!
TO BE CONTINUED

Bethlehem STEELE

BY AZPIRI

For your consideration: two scenes of Beth in the throes of passion at the evil hands of the Majestrix. But not to worry—next month the stakes change when Beth becomes involved in a planet-wide rebellion.



DOCTOR DARE

SPACE: 1939

EPISODE 1: DER ISLAND

Our Story Thus Far:

The year is [illegible]. Plucky lady scientist Joanna Dare is the developer and only recipient of "The Omniatic Serum," which transforms her, whenever she has sex, into a fighting female fury with the strength of fifty men! Determined to use her powers to protect America, Joanna is now a special agent for First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt, wife of two-fisted United States President-for-Life Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Joanna has teamed up with American rocket expert Dr. Hanson Sugarhill to investigate reports of a secret Nazi rocket base on "Hellgrenson Island" in the South Pacific. Little do our heroes realize the true nature of the base and the sinister plans of the Axis powers, who are plotting nothing less than the conquest of space!

WRITERS:
Scrapgonne & Thornton
ARTIST: Dan Barry
COLORS: Suydam
LETTERS: Gail Anderson

CALLING KODIAK. THIS IS KODIAK. THIS IS TRICKY DICKY. THIS IS TRICKY DICKY
WHO'S THAT?
IT'S JUST ME, MR. DICK
RAIN MUCH THIS NIGHT, HUNH?
THE VOLCANO GOD BEATS HIS WIFE
NOW, NOW, SQUINTO THERE WILL BE NO TALK OF SUCH THINGS TO THE MAN WHO HAS THE BEST WIFE IN THE WHOLE WORLD WAITING AT HOME FOR HIM.
WITH YOUR MACHO ISLAND CULTURE, SQUINTO, YOU PROBABLY WOULDN'T THINK MUCH OF THE YOUNG DICK NIXON. BUT, YOU KNOW, I LOVED THAT WOMAN SO MUCH ..
...I USED TO DRIVE HER TO DATES WITH OTHER MEN.
COFFEE, SQUINTO... OR A JOLT OF FIREWATER?
I HAVE A JOLT OF FIREWATER, PLEASE, MR. DICK

ALL RIGHT, BUT JUST ONE TONIGHT, SQUINTO. WE MAY HAVE TO TAKE THOSE TWO AGENTS FROM WASHINGTON OVER TO HALLOWEEN ISLAND TOMORROW.

I ROW OVER TO ISLAND TODAY, MR D.CK. THEY GETTING READY FOR A VERY BIG VISITOR.

THAT FITS WHAT I'M HEARING HERE!

I DON'T SPEAK THE LINGO OF COURSE, AND I'M SURE THEY'RE USING SOME KIND OF CODE.

BUT YOU CAN TELL FROM THEIR VOICES THAT SOMETHING *BIG* S HAPPEN NG

YOU SMART FELLA, MR. DICK. THEY SHOULD MAKE YOU GENERAL —WHOLE ARMY.

NO, THANKS, SQUINTO.

I JUST WANT TO SURVIVE THE WAR IN ONE PIECE, GO HOME, START A FAMILY, GO INTO THE USED CAR BUSINESS W TH MY BROTHERS— AND LEAD AN ORDINARY MIDDLE-CLASS AMERICAN WAY-OF-LIFE.

HOW DO YOU GET YOURSELF INTO THESE THINGS, HANLON SUGARHILL?

DON'T BE FRIENDLY. REMEMBER, YOU HATE HIM.

HE HATES ME. HE THINKS I'M JUST A LITTLE MOUSE

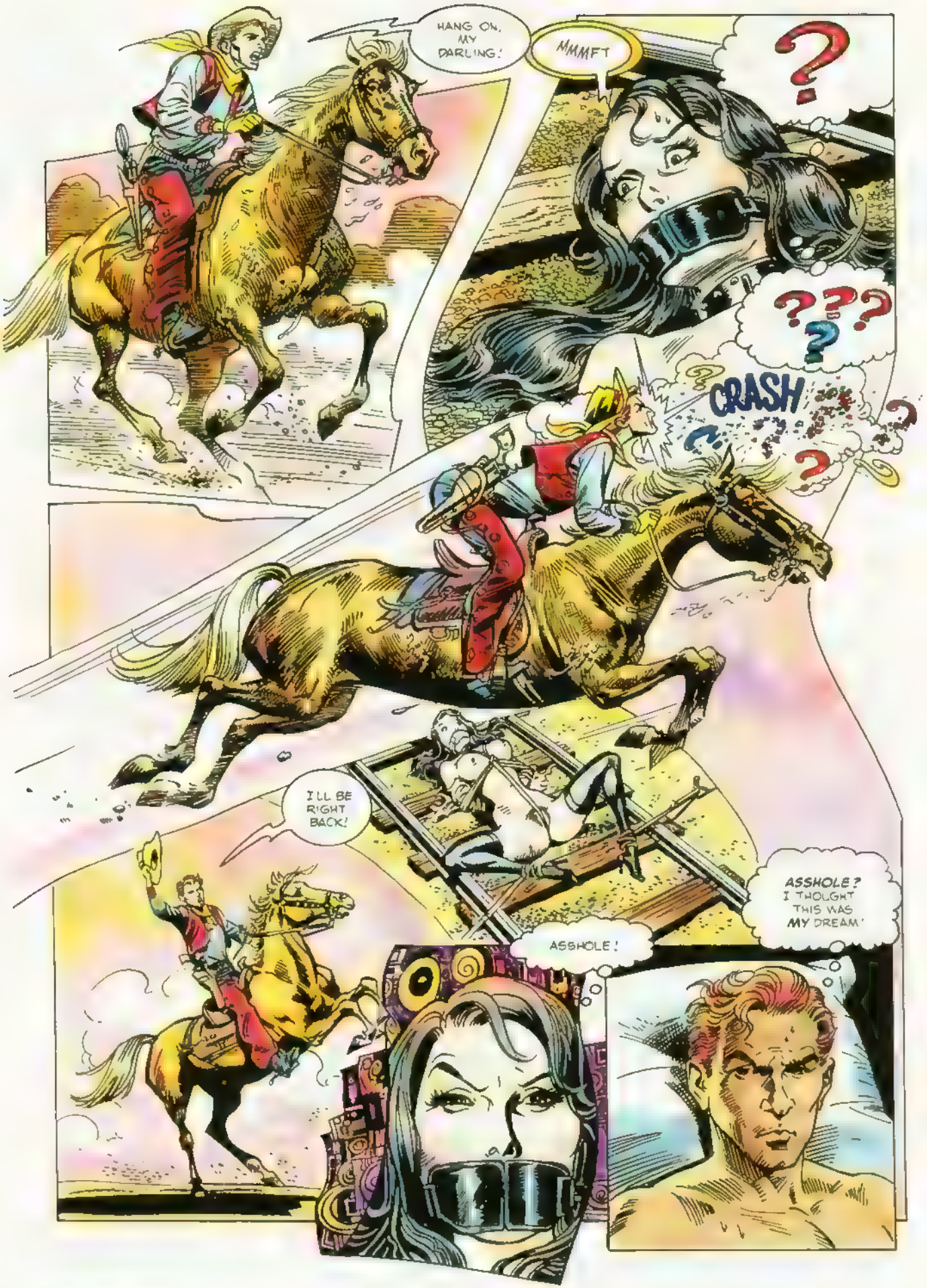
SHE'S A MERE WISP OF A GIRL. SMART ENOUGH FOR A CHEMIST. BUT WHO IN THEIR RIGHT MIND WOULD SEND HER ALONG AS A BODYGUARD?

THREE HOURS TILL DAWN. THAT'S NOT BAD

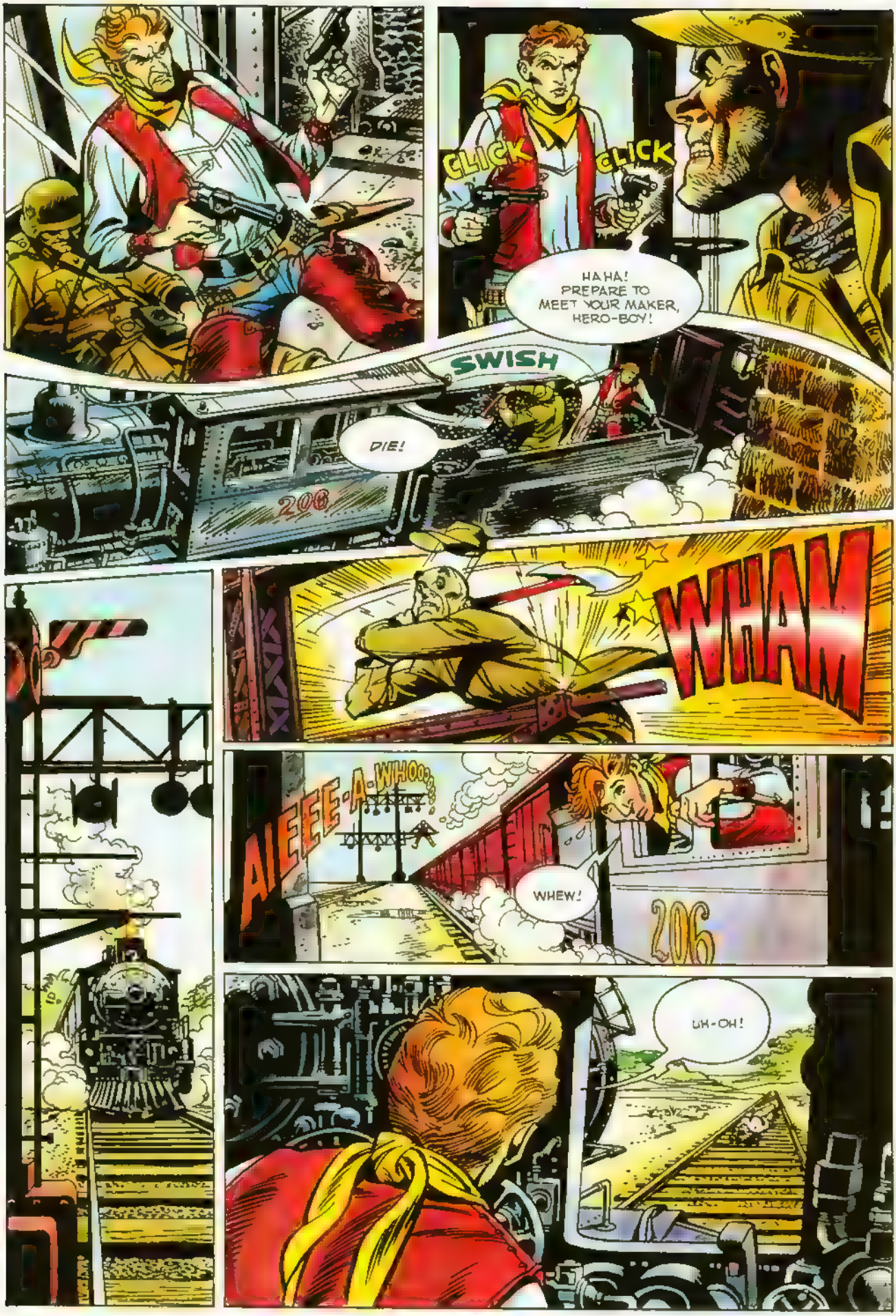
I CAN'T DO THIS. NOT TONIGHT.

SURELY I CAN LIE HERE TILL DAWN WITHOUT THINKING OF THOSE CREAMY WHITE THIGHS AND THOSE BETTE GRABLE LEGS OF HERS.
DAMN! I WISH I WERE BEING FUCKED RIGHT NOW!
IF I COME WHILE I'M LYING HERE THINKING OF THAT BIG, BEAUTIFUL COCK OF HIS, HE'LL KNOW MY SECRET!
DAMN. LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT BUZZ BOMB. IF THE GERMANS COULD LAUNCH A COUPLE OF THOUSAND OF THOSE BAB ES..
GREAT BRITAIN WOULDN T STAND A CHANCE!
WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT'S THAT AHEAD ON THE TRACKS?
JOANNA!
MY GOD!

DAMN THOSE NAZI BASTARDS!
COME ON, DIABLO!
I'M
COMING
JOANNA
MMMMMPL
MMMMFT..


HANG ON, MY DARLING!
MMMFT
?
???
CRASH
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
ASSHOLE!
ASSHOLE? I THOUGHT THIS WAS MY DREAM!

OH, HANLON, DARLING. YOU'RE SO MASTERFUL.
COME ON. YOU CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT AND MAKE THOSE BREASTS BIGGER
WHAT A HERO. NO WONDER ALL THE GIRLS ARE MAD FOR HIM!
NOW THAT'S A LITTLE MORE LIKE IT!
YOU'RE FINISHED, FOUL VILLAINS!
BLAM BLAM
BLAM
BLAM BLAM
BLAM
BLAM BLAM BLAM
WOK
AIEEEEEEE


CLICK
CLICK
HA HA! PREPARE TO MEET YOUR MAKER, HERO-BOY!
SWISH
DIE!
206
WHAM
ALEEE-A-WHOO...
WHEW!
206
UH-OH!

SKREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
MMMMMMM!
WHEW...
HELLO, YOUNG LADY GOING MY WAY?
MY HERO...
OH, JOANNA, MY LOVE LET ME FINISH UNTYING YOU AND WE CAN RETURN TO OUR RUSTIC RANCH HOUSE AND FUCK LIKE BUNNIES.
ACTUALLY, HANLON, I'M SO HORNY, COULD YOU *PLEASE* JUST START FUCKING ME RIGHT HERE?
...RIGHT NOW?
REALLY?
OF COURSE. AND IF IT'S NOT TOO MUCH TROUBLE, COULD YOU GAG ME AGAIN? IT REALLY KEEPS THE BUBBLES IN THE CHAMPAGNE, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN...
YOU POOR, BRAVE GIRL ONLY IF YOU'RE *SURE* THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT!
ABSOLUTELY!

OH, YES. THIS IS EVEN MORE WONDERFUL THAN I'D HOPED! HARDER, MY LOVE, HARDER!!
THAT WILL DO NICELY.
NOW, ONTO THE 1939 WORLD SERIES, WHERE THE ONCE PATHETIC ST. LOUIS BROWNS, LED TO THE FALL CLASSIC BY THE SUPERHUMAN EFFORTS OF THEIR PLAYER-MANAGER AND STAR CENTER FIELDER HANLON "HOME-RUN" SUGARHILL...
OH, YES RIGHT THERE. RIGHT THERE...
ACHTUNG, DUMMKOPF! FASTER! FASTER!
ACH, DARLING!
DARLING!
I AM SURRENDERING, DARLING.
LIKE A FRENCHMAN!

MY GOODNESS. THIS IS WEIRD. WHY AM I DREAMING I'M *AGENT D?* SHE'S AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STRAITS OF GIBRALTAR!

PLEASE, MY DARLING. WHY MUST YOU FORCE ME TO HUMILIATE YOU IN THIS FASHION?
THERE'S NO POINT IN DISCUSSING IT, WERNER THE *FÜHRER* GAVE ME TO YOU AS A SLAVE, AND THAT IS ALL I'LL EVER BE.
BETTER BY *FAR* THAT I HAD DIED IN THE SINKING OF THAT U-BOAT THAN TO HAVE SLOWED EVEN FOR A *MOMENT*, THE INEVITABLE DESTINY OF "PAPA" HITLER'S *UND DER* GLORIOUS ARYAN PEOPLE

DON'T SAY IT, *LIEBCHEN*. I KNOW YOU ARE JUST FOLLOWING ORDERS.

DON'T SAY SUCH THINGS, MY RUBBER CUCKOO. WE WILL TALK ABOUT IT WHEN WE'RE ALONE AGAIN.
WHERE *IS* THAT JAPANESE ENVOY WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET US?

WELCOME BACK, DOKTOR VON BRAUN.
WAS YOUR MISSION SUCCESSFUL?
YES, PRINCESS.. THE FUHRER HAS PLEDGED HIS CONTINUED AND FULL SUPPORT TO OUR PROJECT
AND MAY I ASSUME THAT *THIS* UNWORTHY ONE IS AN *ADDITIONAL* BOON FROM YOUR MOST ESTEEMED LEADER?
I AM.
WE'VE NO TIME FOR WEAKNESS, HERR DOKTOR!
WE'VE MADE A DEAL, YOUR GOVERNMENT AND MINE, AND I INTEND TO SEE THAT YOU CARRY IT OUT!
SMILE, MY AXIS-BROTHER. SOON YOU AND I SHALL BE EMPERORS OF THE UNIVERSE.
SLAVES SHOULD LEARN TO *HOLD* THEIR TONGUES IF THEY WISH TO *KEEP* THEM!
OH!
SLAK
NEXT: CALL OF THE KODIAK

BACKLASH™

EPISODE VII: THE DOUBLE YY PROJECT

Our Story Thus Far:

"If you want a picture of the future, imagine a spike-heeled stiletto pump stamping on a human face... forever!"

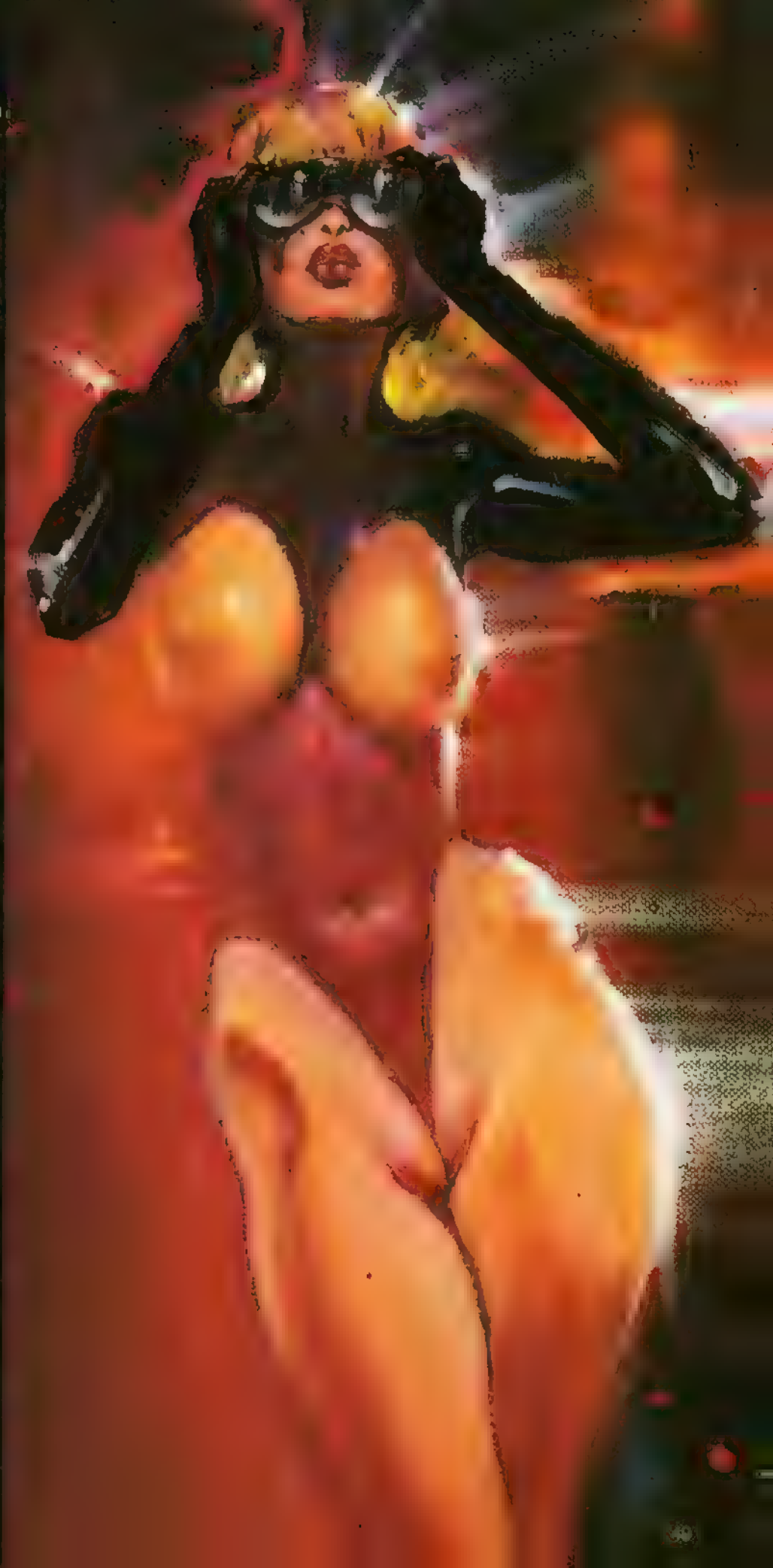
2024 AD. A secret team of radical, man-hating, lesbian gender feminists have taken over America. Their leader is the sadistic SUBORNA FOSS, head of the WOLLENSTONE CRAFT HEALTH-CARE ALLIANCE, which rules this country with an iron fist. Those who refuse to serve end up as mindless sex slaves...or they end up dead. ROBERTA LINDSEY, a politically correct Antioch College student recruited into Wollenstone's executive branch, had been assigned to Suborna's top-secret "DOUBLE-YY PROJECT", a plan to identify aggressive males in the womb and have their sex changed to female. When Roberta realized the true horror of what Suborna had planned, she quit the company. But nobody leaves the Wollenstonecraft Institute...alive.

On the run and marked for death, Roberta survives with the help of the mysterious MOSTRESS W, queen bee of the underground resistance movement. Roberta was to become a superhero symbol of the resistance, a secret weapon to strike back against tyranny.

Now, with years of lesbian brainwashing removed from her mind, Roberta is transformed into the ultimate female fighting machine... BACKLASH!

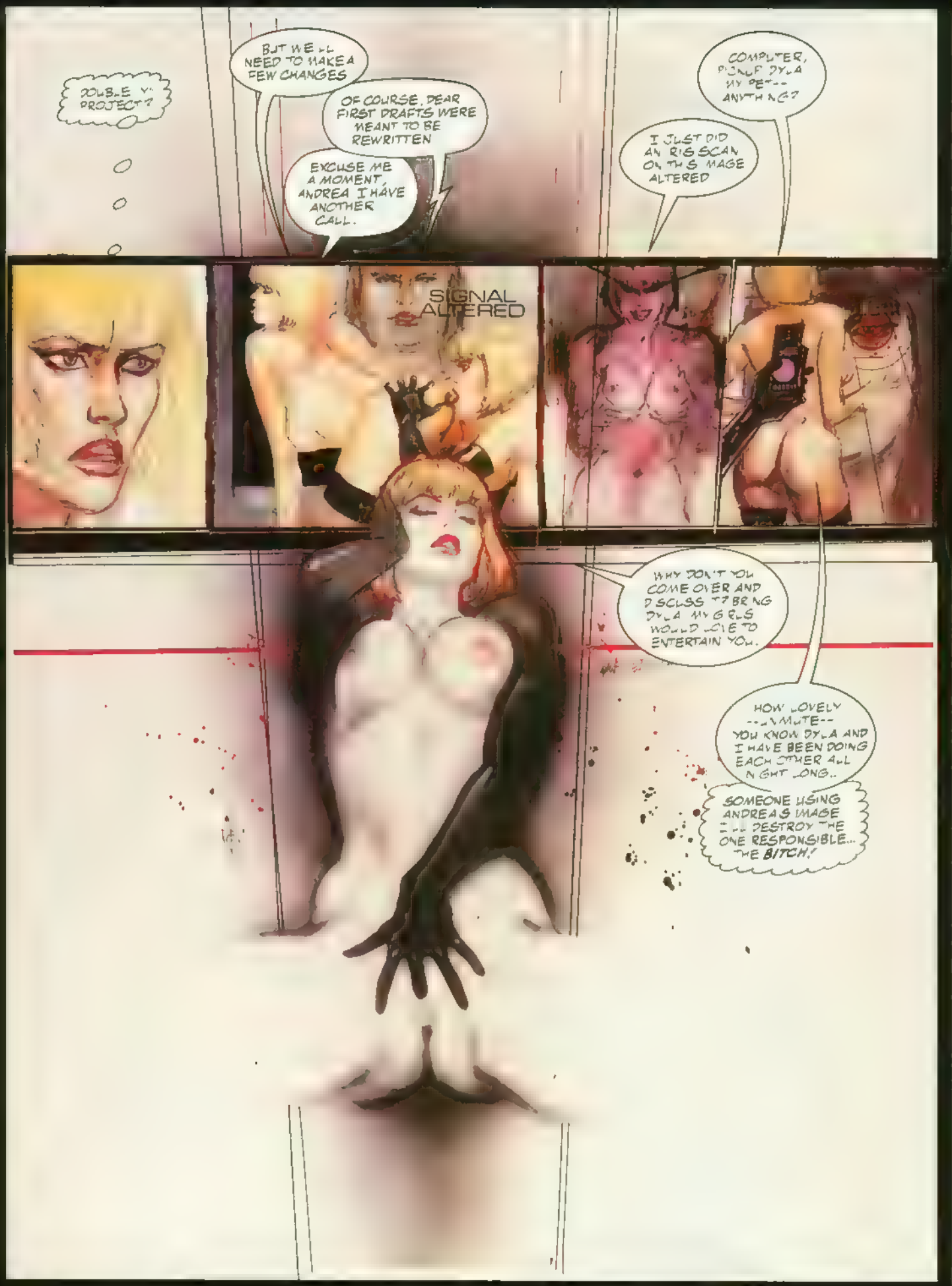
And now, she sets her sights on her old mentor and torturer, Suborna...

WRITERS: Caragonne & Thornton
ARTIST: Mark Beachum
LETTERS: Lopez



BACKLASH TRIUMPHANT, FINDS THAT VICTORY EXCITES HER AND SHE IS ALSO EXCITED BY HER RUSE TO MAKE SUBORNA ROSS THINK BACKLASH IS ONE OF SUBORNAS GENDER FEMINIST CRONIES
COMPUTER-- GET THE CALLER I D
BWON BWON BWON
SUBORNA, MY MENTOR MY CREATOR OF VENGEANCE
COMPUTER
FLASH ONE MOMENT PLEASE.
ON THE CALLER'S SCREEN.
ANDREA
COMPUTER, RUN ANDREA SIMULATOR-NOW
CALL WAIT LINE 2
DEAR?
BRACE YOURSELF, THE BACKLASH LET'S HOPE SUBORNA THINKS THIS IS HER GYNO-PAL ANDREA.

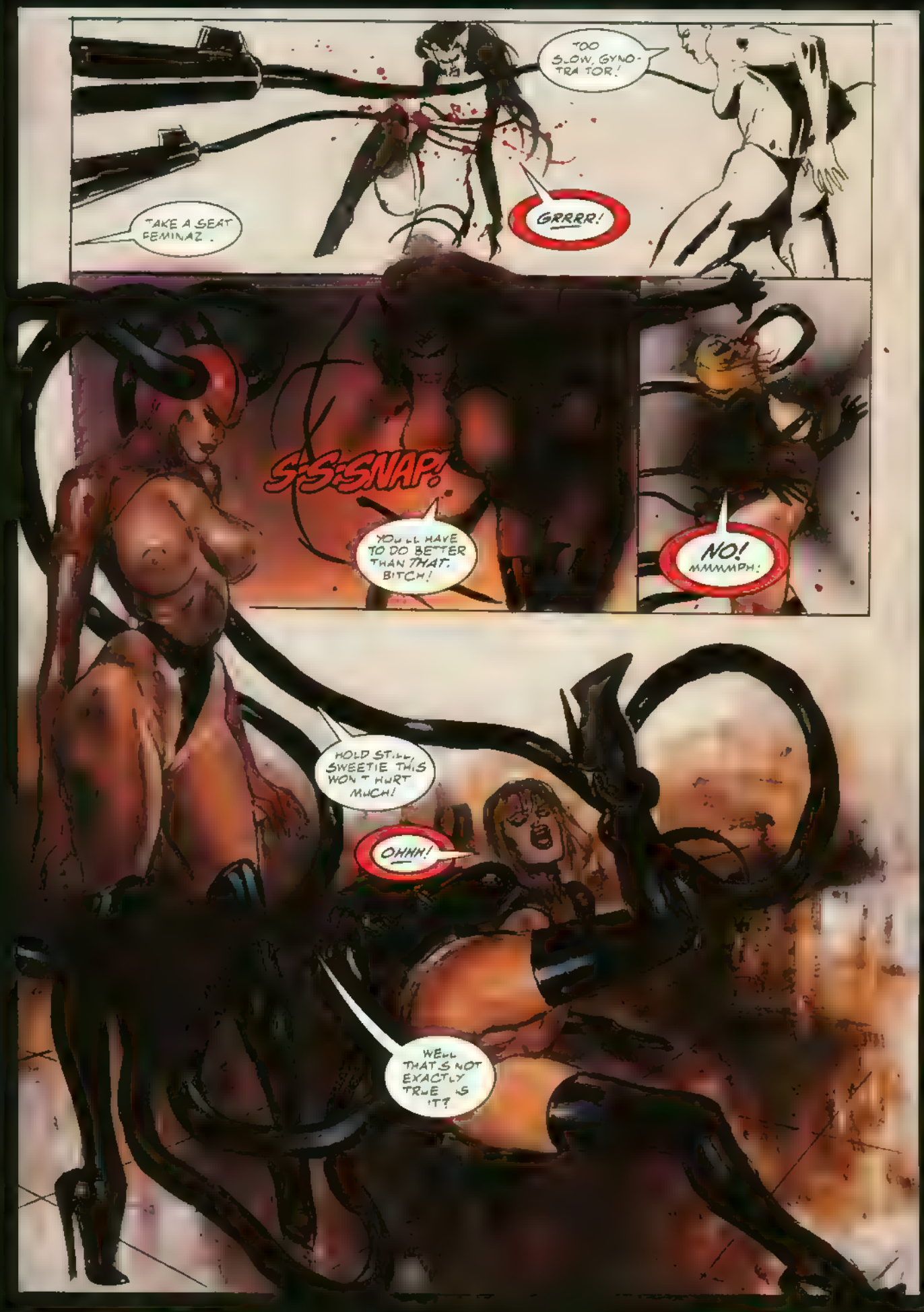
AM I CALLING AT A BAD TIME ANDREA DARLING?
NO, NO. YOU JUST CAUGHT ME WITH MY PANTS DOWN DEAR
VOICE SIMULATOR ACTIVATED
OOH HOW EXCITING LET ME SEE
SURELY A WOMAN AS BUSY AS YOU SUBORNA, DID NOT CALL FOR SUCH A TRIFLING PURPOSE
AH, WELL YOU'RE IN A BUSINESS ONLY FRAME OF MIND THEN. VERY WELL
HMPH!
WE LOVE YOUR FIRST DRAFT MANUSCRIPT ANDREA CALLING ON ALL LEFT-MINDED WOMEN TO SUPPORT THE DOUBLE "Y" PROJECT


DOUBLE X PROJECT?
BUT WE'LL NEED TO MAKE A FEW CHANGES
OF COURSE, DEAR FIRST DRAFTS WERE MEANT TO BE REWRITTEN
EXCUSE ME A MOMENT, ANDREA I HAVE ANOTHER CALL.
COMPUTER, PICK UP DYLA MY PET-- ANYTHING?
I JUST DID AN RIS SCAN ON THIS IMAGE ALTERED
SIGNAL ALTERED
WHY DON'T YOU COME OVER AND DISCUSS IT? BRING DYLA MY GIRLS WOULD LOVE TO ENTERTAIN YOU.
HOW LOVELY --UNMUTE-- YOU KNOW DYLA AND I HAVE BEEN DOING EACH OTHER ALL NIGHT LONG..
SOMEONE USING ANDREA'S IMAGE I'LL DESTROY THE ONE RESPONSIBLE... THE BITCH!

BUT WE'RE STILL SO HORNY YOU KNOW HOW THAT IS
YES, OF COURSE YOU SEE HOW I'M GETTING READY FOR YOU HURRY OVER, DARLING
OH, YES I'LL COME AT ONCE BUT FIRST.. LET ME KISS IT.
YES OF COURSE.. GOOD-BYE
SUBORNA SHE SUSPECTS DAMN.

IT'S THE LITTLE SLUT, ROBERTA
OF COURSE IT IS
THAT MEANS SHE'S KILLED ANDREA
A REPLACEABLE COG CALL IN THE TEAM
MOMENTS LATER
ALL RIGHT, LADIES. YOU HAVE A MISSION. THIS NEW VILLAINESS THE RESISTANCE HAS REGURGITATED MUST BE TAKEN... AND TAUGHT.
DON'T ANYONE HURT HER. LEAVE THAT TO ME.
CONTINUED AFTER 2ND FOLLOWING PAGE.

ANDREA-- IT'S SUBORNA DEAR OPEN WIDE
SUBORNA--.
TAKE HER!
THEY MUST HAVE FILTERED THE TRANSMISSION AND TRACKED IT.
WHAM!
CRASH


TOO SLOW, GYNO-TRA TOR!
TAKE A SEAT FEMINAZ.
GRRRR!
S-S-SNAP!
YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT, BITCH!
NO! MMMMPH!
HOLD STILL, SWEETIE THIS WON'T HURT MUCH!
OHHH!
WELL THAT'S NOT EXACTLY TRUE IS IT?

SOON SUBORNA'S GENDER FEMINIST THUGS HAVE SUBDUED BACKLASH
RELAX FOR AUNTIE SUBORNA AND ENJOY IT
BZZZZZZT!
AREN'T THE VIBRATIONS LOVELY?
LOOK AT ME GIRLS I'M A HUMAN VIBRATOR.
OOH SHE'S A BITER GO AHEAD DEAR I DON'T MIND A FEW HICKIES
I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND-- BUT I'M A SCRATCHER AND YOU'RE LIKELY TO BE LEFT WITH SOME NASTY MARKINGS
BUT BACKLASH HAS BEEN GIVEN A MULTITUDE OF WEAPONS

OUTSIDE THE BUILDING ONE OF BACKLASH'S ARSENAL OF VENGEANCE COMES ALIVE
CONTROLLED BY ONE MIND
A MIND SET ON DESTRUCTION
POOR LITTLE DEAR DON'T YOU EVEN KNOW WHO YOU'RE UP AGAINST? A YEAR FROM NOW EVERY MALE BORN WITH THE DOMINANT Y GENE WILL BE SEX-CHANGED OR TERMINATED. IN TEN YEARS THE MALE SPECIES WILL BE LITTLE MORE THAN DRONES
SMASH!
WHA?
OH OH OH.
LOOK THE LITTLE B*TCH IS GETTING INTO IT. RELAX DEAR SURRENDER TO THE FEELINGS WHILE I CHECK OUT THE SOUND FROM THE HALL--

SMASH!
OHHH!!!
THE CYCLE ANALYZES
VRROOOM!
AND ACTS!
NEXT IT'S NOT OVER YET

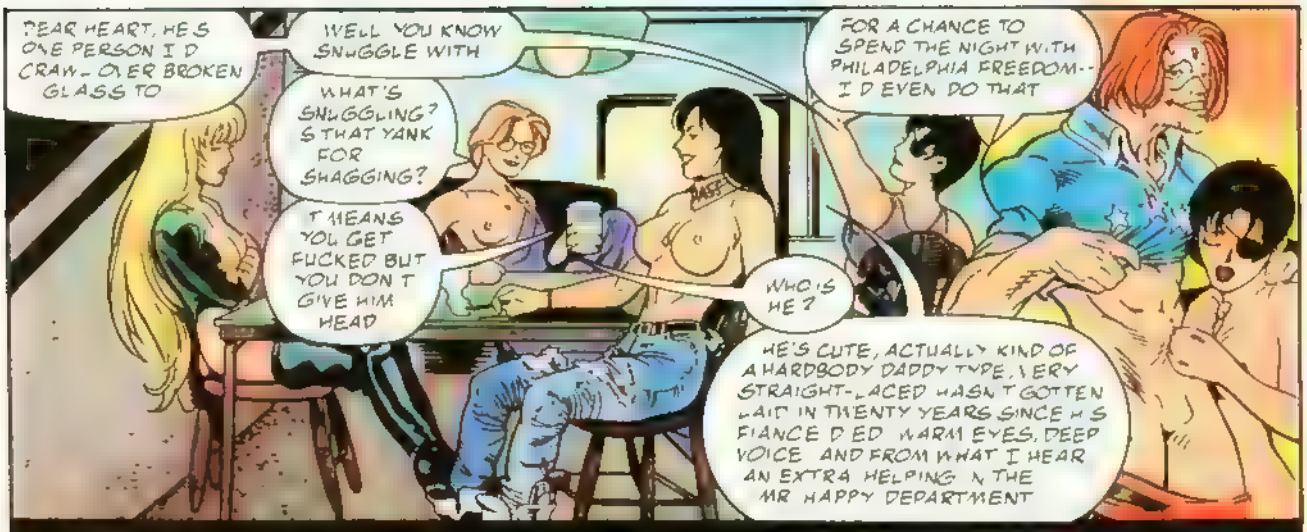
THE TEAM SUPREME™
SIGURD SILVERBEARD
THE IGUANA
THE LITTLE WOMAN
SALEM
THE INVENTOR
MR. ROBOTO
velvet FLYTRAP™
PHILADELPHIA FREEDOM™
WRITERS: Caragonne &
ARTIST: Rick Mays &
COLORS: Suydam LETTERS: Lo

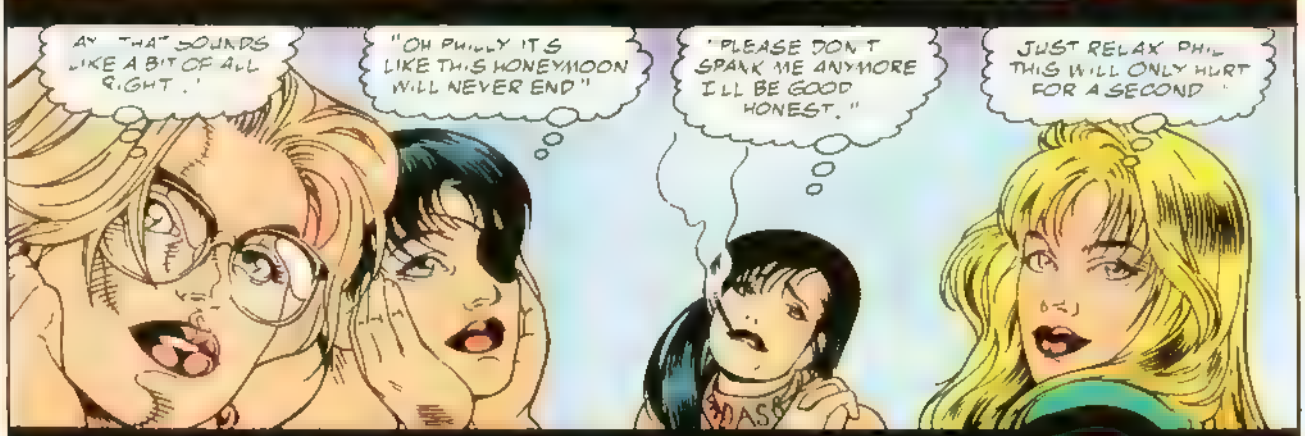
THE TEAM SUPREME INVITATIONAL WEEKLY BRIDGE GAME.
HELD THIS WEEK AT THE APARTMENT OF VELVET FLYTRAP IN THE KIRBY BUILDING, MANHATTAN
TWO HEARTS AND YOU'RE VULNERABLE, CHRISTY
THE HELL I AM DOUBLE
THREE HEARTS.
I GOT UH I'M SUPPOSED TO BID, RIGHT?
KRISTY 'BANG, BANG, KODIAK
VELVET FLYTRAP
DIANA 'DI' DECEMBER AGENT OF G.R.
EEP.
RIGHT, THREE NO TRUMP!
CAMILLE PIKE, DI'S GRANDDAUGHTER
PASS
I'M GLAD YOU COULD SUPPORT ME, VELVIE
ANYTIME ANYWHERE DI.
#!@#?
STUPID FUCKING BRAT
NOW DON'T START WITH ME AGAIN, VELVIE. YOU KNOW I HAVEN'T SWUNG THAT WAY IN YEARS
FOUR DIAMONDS!
PASS
THEN YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE MISSING DI! WITH MY SPECIAL TENTACLES I CAN DO ANYTHING ANY MAN CAN DO AND MORE.
FOUR HEARTS, THEN!
YOU IDIOT!
I'LL FILL YOU SO FULL OF HOLES YOU'LL LOOK LIKE AN AUSTRALIAN WAFFLE
N.R.A.

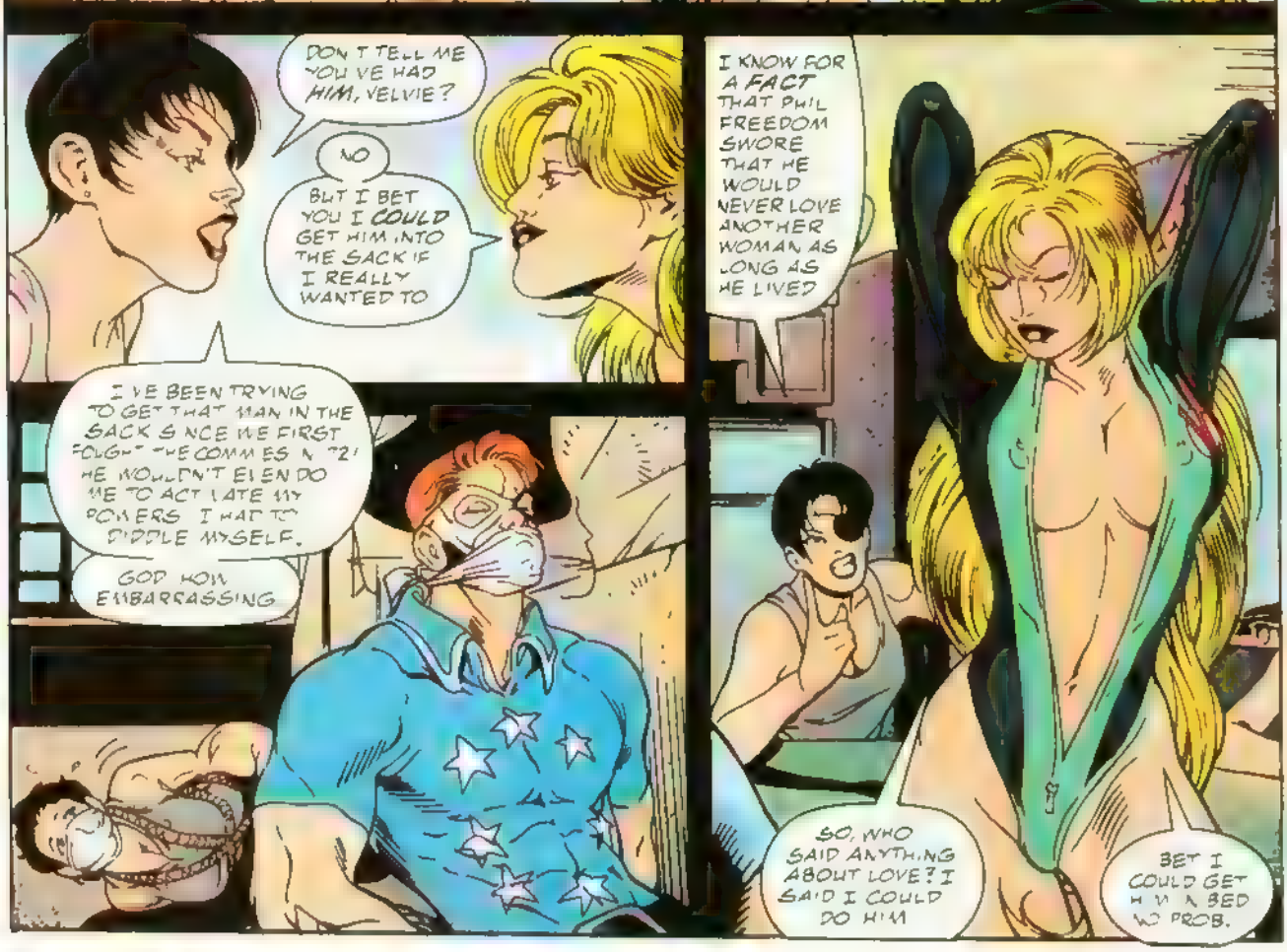
IF ME GRANDMUM DIDN'T MAKE ME PROMISE NOT TO SAY ME SECRET WORD AND EXPLODE WITH SUPERHUMAN POWER IN THE HOUSE I'D MAKE YOU EAT THOSE FIREARMS
TOUGH TO TALK WITH NO FUCKING TEETH.
ALL RIGHT, LADIES! THAT'S ENOUGH! EVERYONE HAVE A MIDOL AND A MARGIE AND LET'S TURN THE INTENSITY LEVEL DOWN A NOTCH, SHALL WE?
TAKE A LOOK DI SEE ANYTHING YOU LIKE?
DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT
IT'S NOT MY FAULT THAT CATFIGHTING GETS ME ALL HOT AND BOTHERED
EVERYBODY SIT DOWN AND ZIP UP OR I'M GONNA START BUSTIN HEADS!
I WONDER WHAT SHE'S LIKE IN BED?
NOT GALL. THIS THEN. I DON'T SWAG SHE'LAS
I WONDER WHAT SHE'S LIKE IN BED?
WAIT A SECOND WHAT AM I THINKING? I'M NOT A LESBIAN
I KNOW LET'S PLAY "WHO WOULD YOU RATHER FUCK?"
OH GOODIE
WHOT'S THAT?

YOU'LL LIKE THIS GAME, CAMILLE. THERE'S NOT SO MUCH TO REMEMBER.
LISTEN YOU I TOLD YOU I WAS INEXPERIENCED
POKE POKE
POKE POKE
HONEY DON'T.
IF IT'S SIMPLY A MATTER OF INEXPERIENCE CAMMY, I CAN BE YOUR TEACHER.
ALL RIGHT. ALL RIGHT ENOUGH
I'LL START. KRISTY, YOU MAKE SOME MORE MARGIES.
OKAY, DI.
OK WHO WOULD YOU RATHER SCREW?
HOT-BLOOD
OR.
DARK-BLOOD?
HAD HIM
HAD HIM

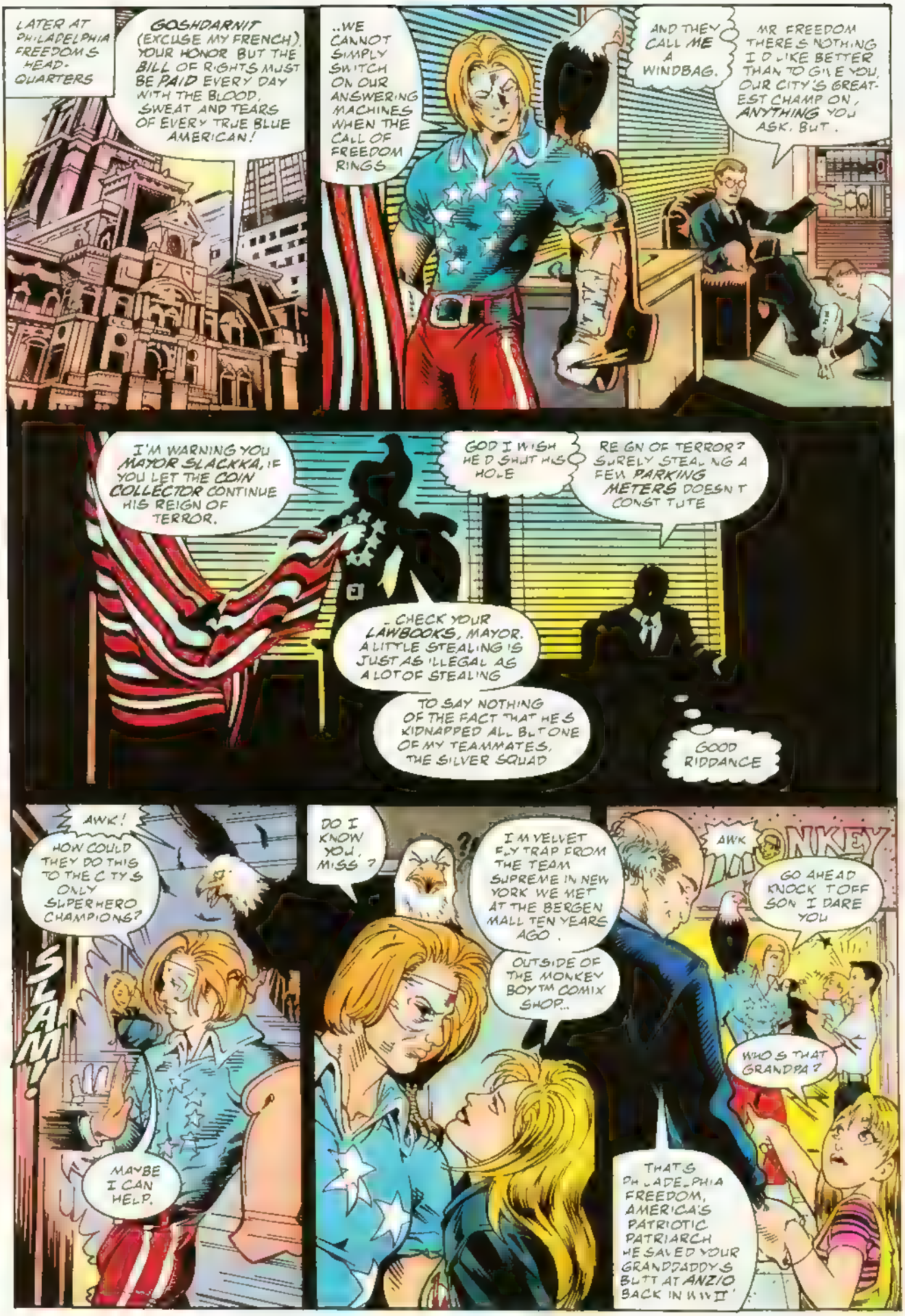
I DO PICK HOTBLOOD BUT IT'S CLOSE
BADASS
I DO GO FOR DARKIE DEFINITELY
?!?
OKAY
RABBIT BOY
HAD 'EM
OR PHILADELPHIA FREEDOM?
RABBY FOR SURE. HE'S SO SWEET AND I LUV THOSE WHISKERS!
BUT I DON'T THINK HE LIKES GIRLS AS MUCH
PTOOIE!
WHO'S PHILADELPHIA FREEDOM NONNIE?

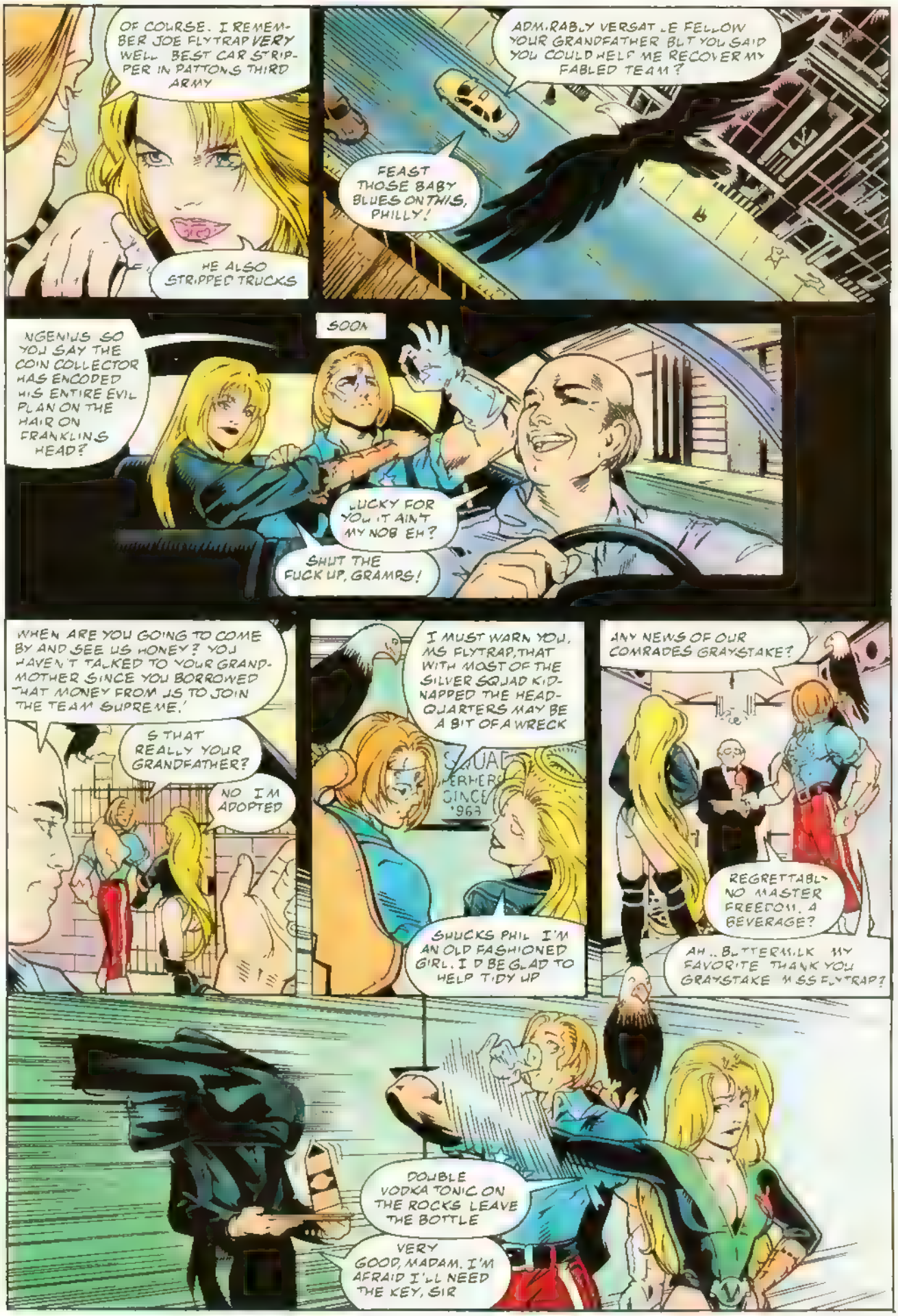

DEAR HEART, HE'S ONE PERSON I'D CRAWL OVER BROKEN GLASS TO
WELL YOU KNOW SNUGGLE WITH
WHAT'S SNUGGLING? IS THAT YANK FOR SHAGGING?
IT MEANS YOU GET FUCKED BUT YOU DON'T GIVE HIM HEAD
FOR A CHANCE TO SPEND THE NIGHT WITH PHILADELPHIA FREEDOM-- I'D EVEN DO THAT
WHO'S HE?
HE'S CUTE, ACTUALLY KIND OF A HARDBODY DADDY TYPE. VERY STRAIGHT-LACED HASN'T GOTTEN LAID IN TWENTY YEARS SINCE HIS FIANCE DIED WARM EYES, DEEP VOICE AND FROM WHAT I HEAR AN EXTRA HELPING IN THE MR HAPPY DEPARTMENT

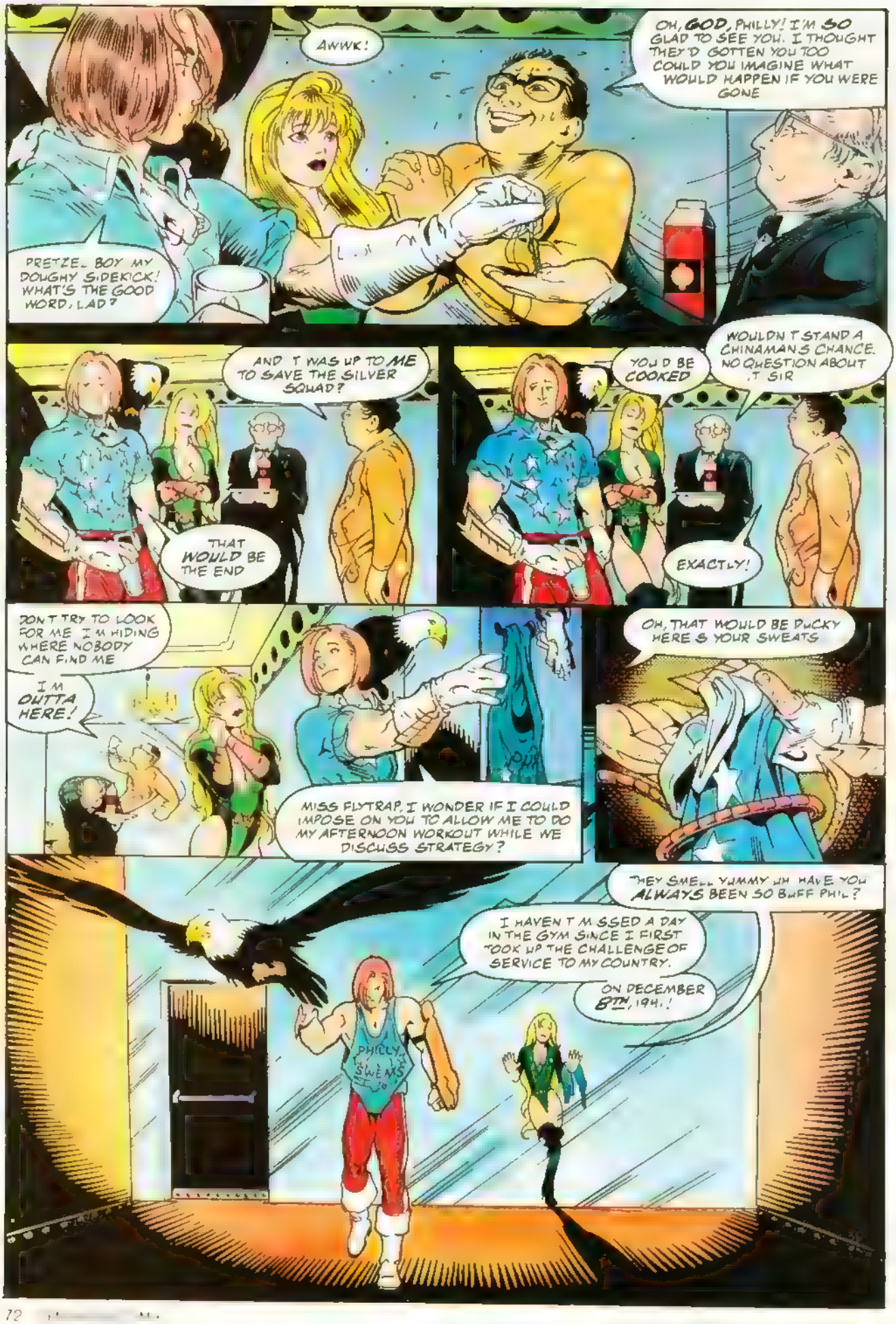

AY THAT SOUNDS LIKE A BIT OF ALL RIGHT.
"OH PHILLY IT'S LIKE THIS HONEYMOON WILL NEVER END"
"PLEASE DON'T SPANK ME ANYMORE I'LL BE GOOD HONEST."
JUST RELAX PHIL THIS WILL ONLY HURT FOR A SECOND

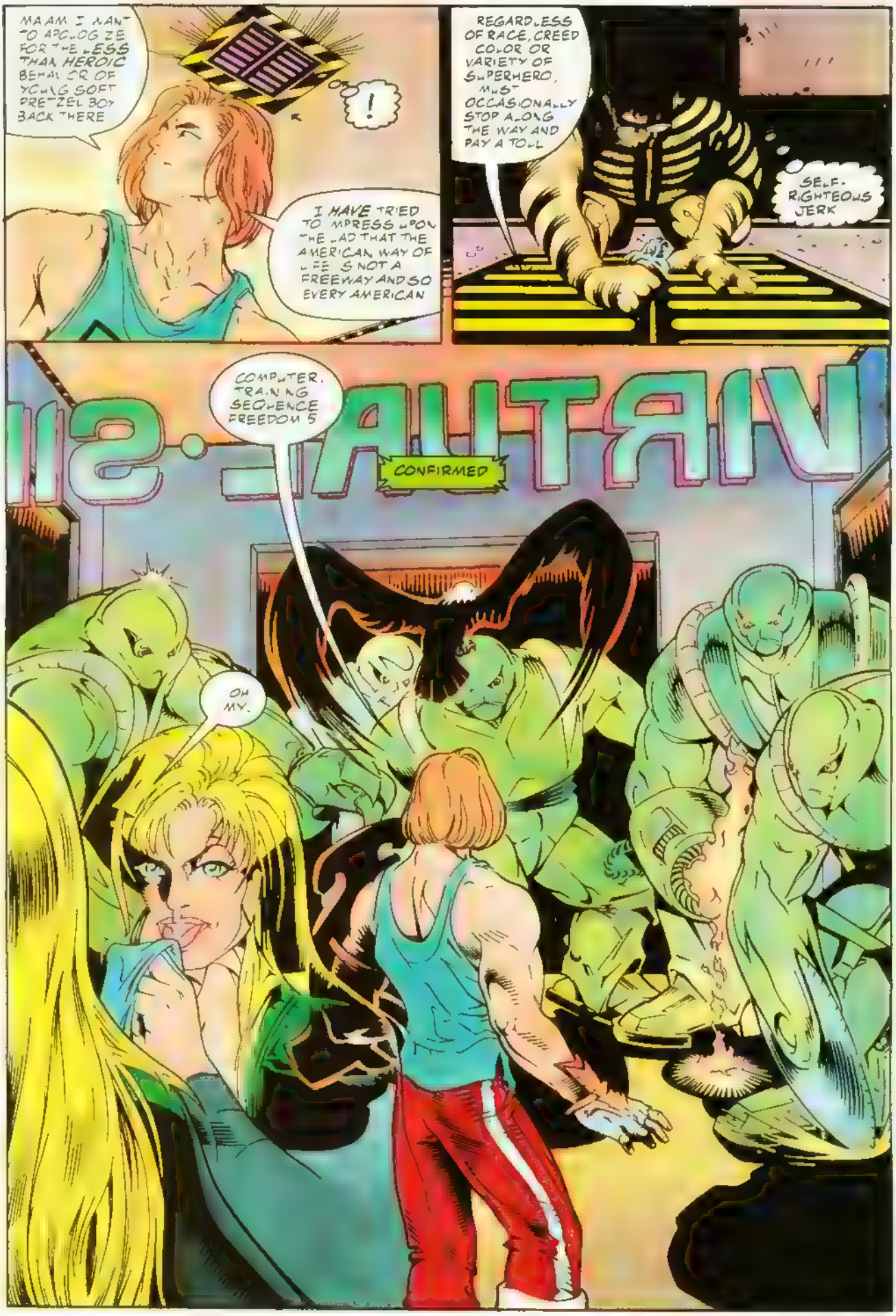

DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE HAD HIM, VELVIE?
NO
BUT I BET YOU I COULD GET HIM INTO THE SACK IF I REALLY WANTED TO
I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET THAT MAN IN THE SACK SINCE WE FIRST FOLGHT THE COMMIES IN '72! HE WOULDN'T EVEN DO ME TO ACTIVATE MY POWERS I HAD TO DIDDLE MYSELF.
GOD HOW EMBARRASSING
I KNOW FOR A FACT THAT PHIL FREEDOM SWORE THAT HE WOULD NEVER LOVE ANOTHER WOMAN AS LONG AS HE LIVED
SO, WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT LOVE? I SAID I COULD DO HIM
BET I COULD GET HIM IN BED NO PROB.

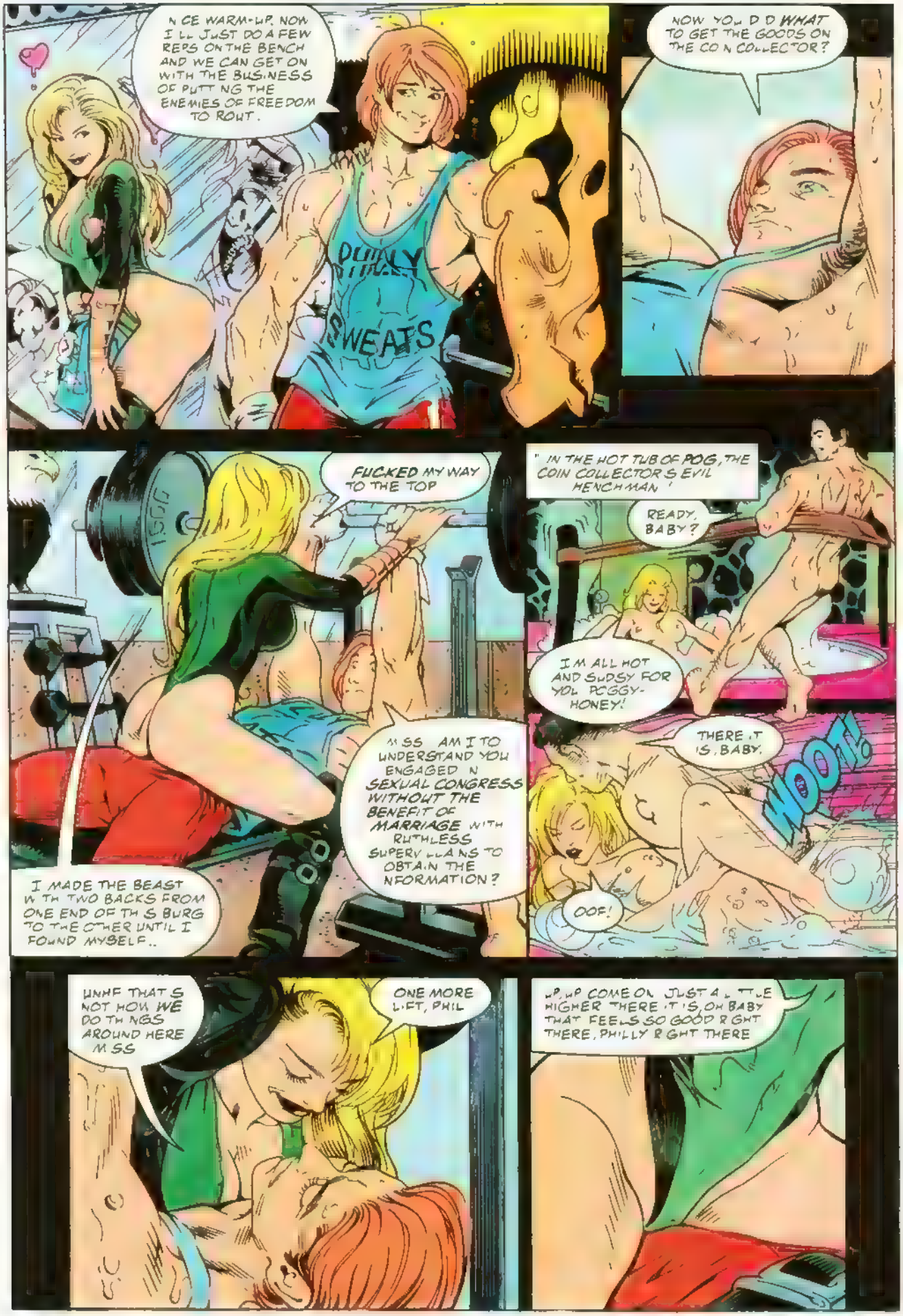
BULLSHIT
WANT TO BET?
HOW MUCH?
NOT MONEY YOU
WHAT?
YOU HAVE YOUR SPECIAL BEDROOM FANTASIES, I HAVE MINE SO IF I DO WHAT YOU SAY CAN'T BE DONE
THEN I GET TO DO YOU!
WHAT'S THE MATTER DI?
CHICKEN?
WHUMP
CHICK
CLICK
IF YOU LOSE, YOU AGREE TO KEEP YOUR TENDRILS OFF MY TEAM SUPREME PALS FROM NOW ON. DEAL?
DI YOU RE ON

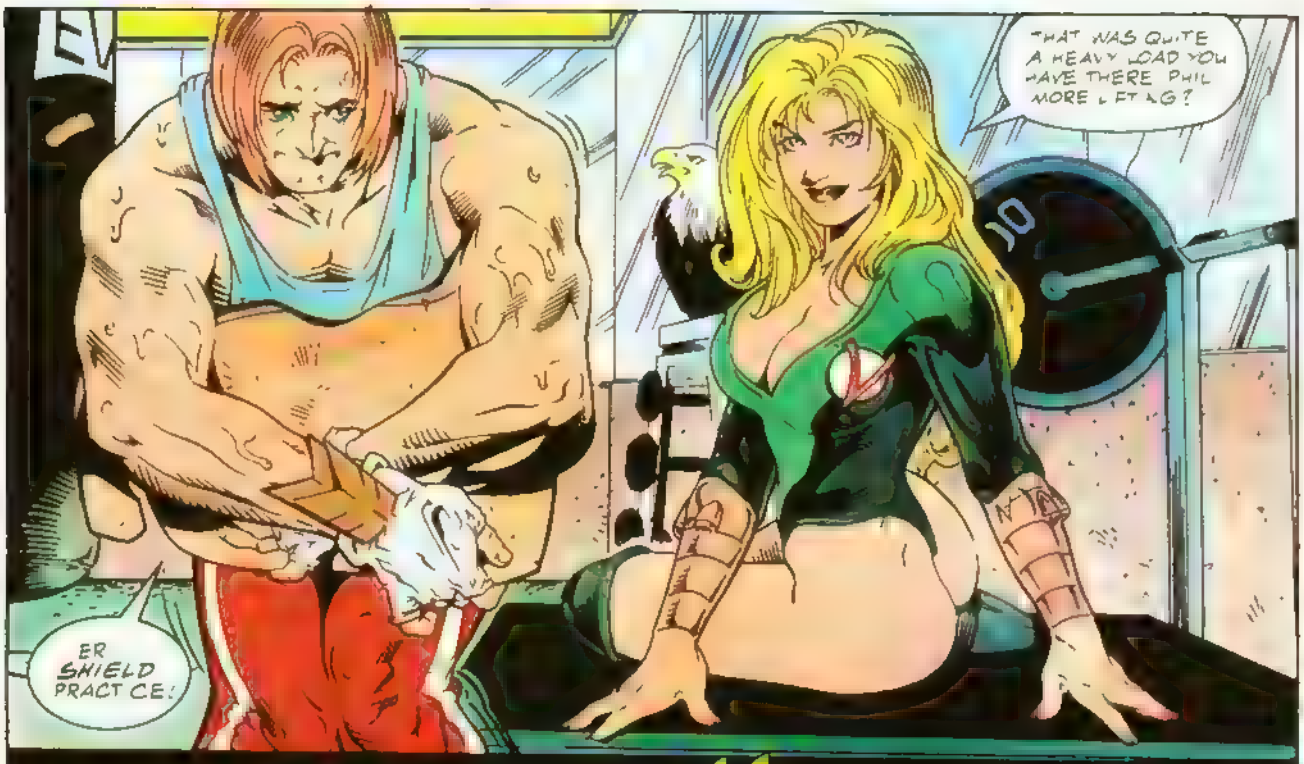

LATER AT PHILADELPHIA FREEDOM'S HEAD-QUARTERS
GOSHDARNIT (EXCUSE MY FRENCH), YOUR HONOR BUT THE BILL OF RIGHTS MUST BE PAID EVERY DAY WITH THE BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS OF EVERY TRUE BLUE AMERICAN!
..WE CANNOT SIMPLY SWITCH ON OUR ANSWERING MACHINES WHEN THE CALL OF FREEDOM RINGS
AND THEY CALL ME A WINDBAG.
MR FREEDOM THERE'S NOTHING I'D LIKE BETTER THAN TO GIVE YOU, OUR CITY'S GREATEST CHAMP ON, ANYTHING YOU ASK. BUT.
I'M WARNING YOU MAYOR SLACKKA, IF YOU LET THE COIN COLLECTOR CONTINUE HIS REIGN OF TERROR.
GOD I WISH HE'D SHUT HIS HOLE
REIGN OF TERROR? SURELY STEALING A FEW PARKING METERS DOESN'T CONSTITUTE
..CHECK YOUR LAWBOOKS, MAYOR. A LITTLE STEALING IS JUST AS ILLEGAL AS A LOT OF STEALING
TO SAY NOTHING OF THE FACT THAT HE'S KIDNAPPED ALL BUT ONE OF MY TEAMMATES, THE SILVER SQUAD
GOOD RIDDANCE
AWK!
HOW COULD THEY DO THIS TO THE CITY'S ONLY SUPERHERO CHAMPIONS?
SLAM!
MAYBE I CAN HELP.
DO I KNOW YOU, MISS?
I'M VELVET FLYTRAP FROM THE TEAM SUPREME IN NEW YORK WE MET AT THE BERGEN MALL TEN YEARS AGO.
OUTSIDE OF THE MONKEY BOY™ COMIX SHOP...
AWK
MONKEY
GO AHEAD KNOCK IT OFF SON I DARE YOU
WHO'S THAT GRANDPA?
THAT'S PHILADELPHIA FREEDOM, AMERICA'S PATRIOTIC PATRIARCH HE SAVED YOUR GRANDDADDY'S BUTT AT ANZIO BACK IN WWII!

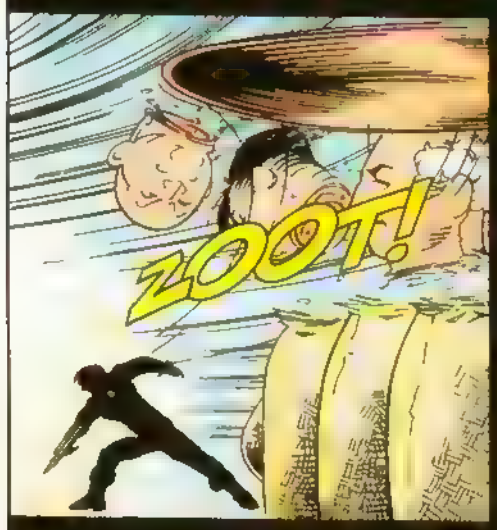

OF COURSE. I REMEMBER JOE FLYTRAP VERY WELL BEST CAR STRIPPER IN PATTONS THIRD ARMY
HE ALSO STRIPPED TRUCKS
ADMIRABLY VERSATILE FELLOW YOUR GRANDFATHER BUT YOU SAID YOU COULD HELP ME RECOVER MY FABLED TEAM?
FEAST THOSE BABY BLUES ON THIS, PHILLY!
INGENIUS SO YOU SAY THE COIN COLLECTOR HAS ENCODED HIS ENTIRE EVIL PLAN ON THE HAIR ON FRANKLINS HEAD?
SOON
LUCKY FOR YOU IT AIN'T MY NOB EH?
SHUT THE FUCK UP, GRAMPS!
WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO COME BY AND SEE US HONEY? YOU HAVEN'T TALKED TO YOUR GRANDMOTHER SINCE YOU BORROWED THAT MONEY FROM US TO JOIN THE TEAM SUPREME.'
S THAT REALLY YOUR GRANDFATHER?
NO I M ADOPTED
I MUST WARN YOU, MS FLYTRAP, THAT WITH MOST OF THE SILVER SQUAD KIDNAPPED THE HEADQUARTERS MAY BE A BIT OF A WRECK
SHUCKS PHIL I'M AN OLD FASHIONED GIRL. I D BE GLAD TO HELP TIDY UP
ANY NEWS OF OUR COMRADES GRAYSTAKE?
REGRETTABLY NO MASTER FREEDOM, A BEVERAGE?
AH .. BUTTERMILK MY FAVORITE THANK YOU GRAYSTAKE MISS FLYTRAP?
DOUBLE VODKA TONIC ON THE ROCKS LEAVE THE BOTTLE
VERY GOOD, MADAM. I'M AFRAID I'LL NEED THE KEY, SIR


AWWK!
OH, GOD, PHILLY! I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU. I THOUGHT THEY'D GOTTEN YOU TOO COULD YOU IMAGINE WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF YOU WERE GONE
PRETZEL BOY MY DOUGHY SIDEKICK! WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD, LAD?
AND IT WAS UP TO ME TO SAVE THE SILVER SQUAD?
THAT WOULD BE THE END
YOU'D BE COOKED
WOULDN'T STAND A CHINAMAN'S CHANCE. NO QUESTION ABOUT IT SIR
EXACTLY!
DON'T TRY TO LOOK FOR ME I'M HIDING WHERE NOBODY CAN FIND ME
I'M OUTTA HERE!
MISS FLYTRAP, I WONDER IF I COULD IMPOSE ON YOU TO ALLOW ME TO DO MY AFTERNOON WORKOUT WHILE WE DISCUSS STRATEGY?
OH, THAT WOULD BE DUCKY HERE'S YOUR SWEATS
THEY SMELL YUMMY UH HAVE YOU ALWAYS BEEN SO BUFF PHIL?
I HAVEN'T MISSED A DAY IN THE GYM SINCE I FIRST TOOK UP THE CHALLENGE OF SERVICE TO MY COUNTRY.
ON DECEMBER 8TH, 194.!
PHILLY


MAAM I WANT TO APOLOGIZE FOR THE LESS THAN HEROIC BEHAVIOR OF YOUNG SOFT PRETZEL BOY BACK THERE
!
I HAVE TRIED TO IMPRESS UPON THE LAD THAT THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE IS NOT A FREEWAY AND SO EVERY AMERICAN
REGARDLESS OF RACE, CREED COLOR OR VARIETY OF SUPERHERO, MUST OCCASIONALLY STOP ALONG THE WAY AND PAY A TOLL
SELF-RIGHTEOUS JERK
COMPUTER. TRAINING SEQUENCE FREEDOM 5
CONFIRMED
OH MY.

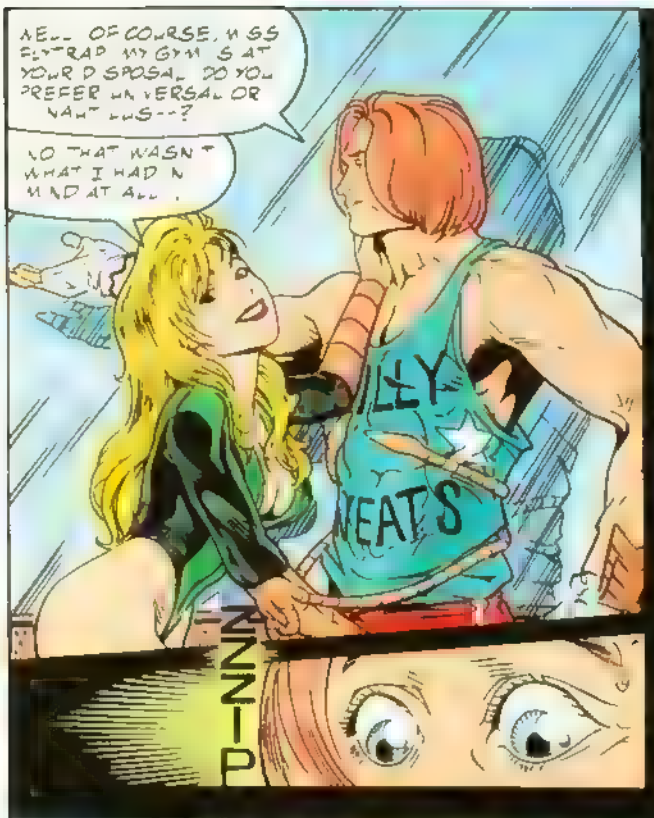

N CE WARM-UP. NOW I LL JUST DO A FEW REPS ON THE BENCH AND WE CAN GET ON WITH THE BUSINESS OF PUTT NG THE ENEMIES OF FREEDOM TO ROUT.
DUMLY
SWEATS
NOW YOU D D WHAT TO GET THE GOODS ON THE CO N COLLECTOR?
FUCKED MY WAY TO THE TOP
I MADE THE BEAST W TH TWO BACKS FROM ONE END OF TH S BURG TO THE OTHER UNTIL I FOUND MYSELF..
MISS AM I TO UNDERSTAND YOU ENGAGED N SEXUAL CONGRESS WITHOUT THE BENEFIT OF MARRIAGE WITH RUTHLESS SUPERV LLA NS TO OBTA N THE NFORMATION?
" IN THE HOT TUB OF POG, THE COIN COLLECTOR S EVIL HENCHMAN '
READY, BABY?
I M ALL HOT AND SUDSY FOR YOU POGGY-HONEY!
THERE IT IS, BABY.
WOOT!
OOF!
UNHF THAT S NOT HOW WE DO TH NGS AROUND HERE M SS
ONE MORE LIFT, PHIL
UP, UP COME ON JUST A LITTLE HIGHER THERE IT'S, OH BABY THAT FEELS SO GOOD R GHT THERE, PHILLY R GHT THERE

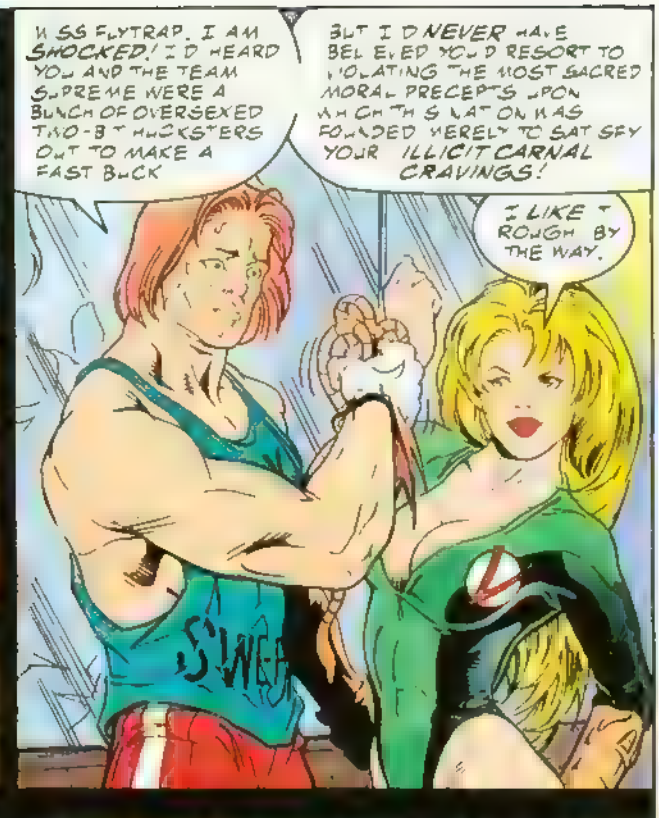

THAT WAS QUITE A HEAVY LOAD YOU HAVE THERE PHIL MORE LIFTING?
ER SHIELD PRACTICE!


ZOOT!

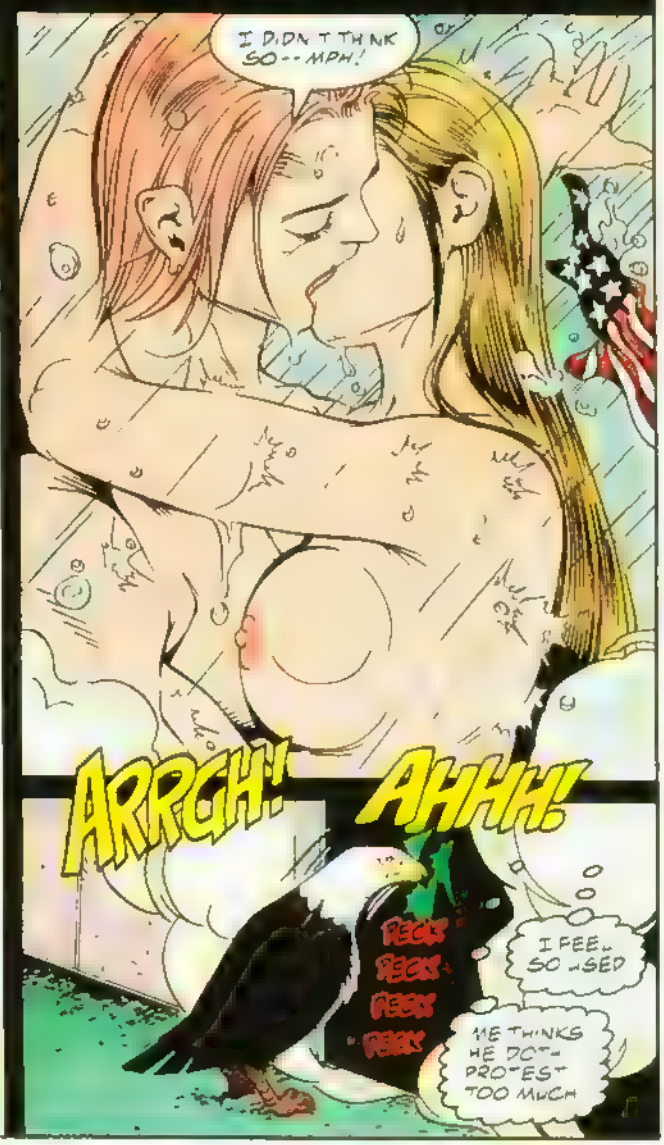
BIII

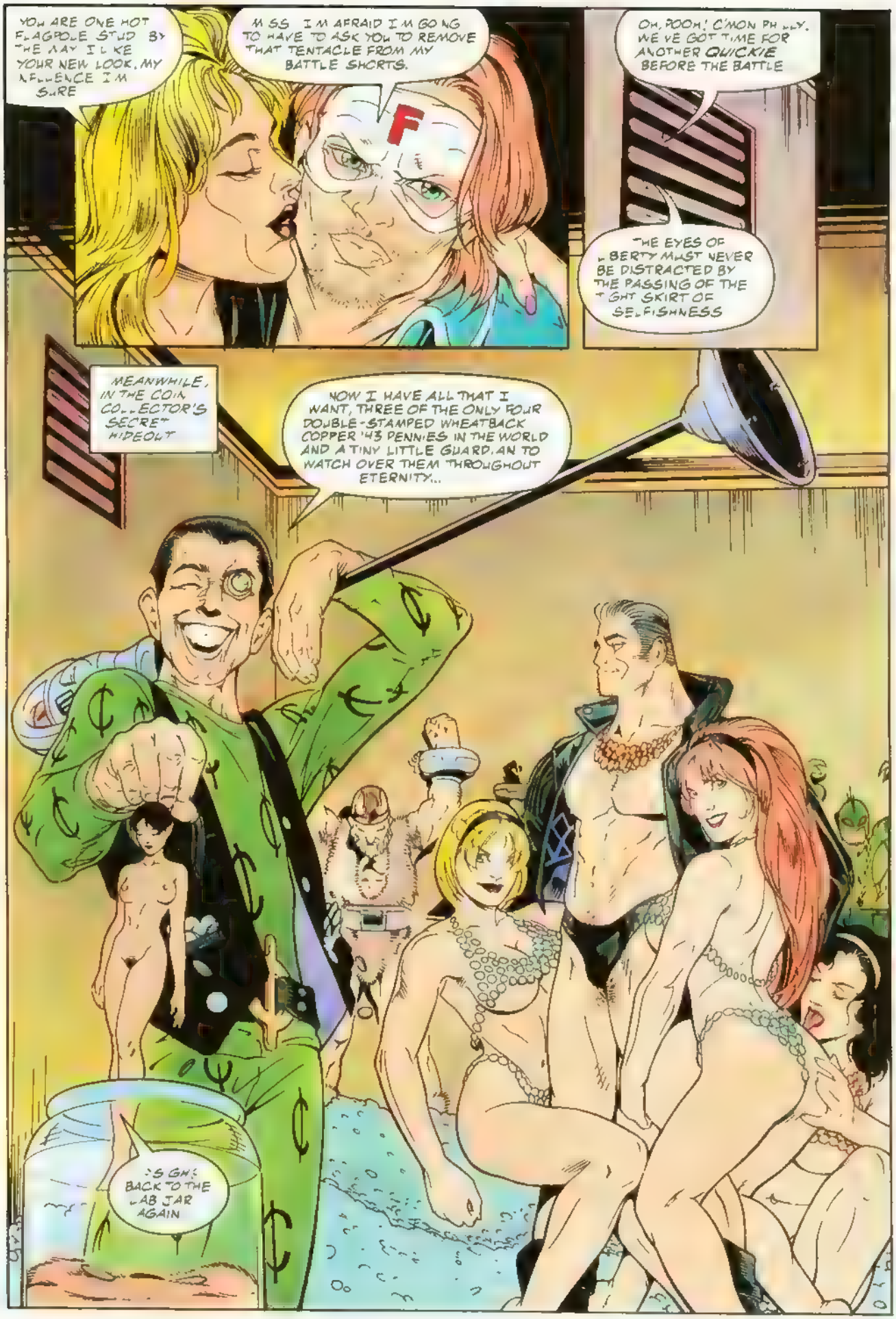
"NETTED"
SHORT-CIRCUITED"
DRUGGED
BAR
CAGED..
SHACKLED.
AND SNAGGED!
AND THAT'S HOW IT ALL HAPPENED A LITTLE TOO EASILY IF YOU ASK ME--
THE QUESTION IS, MISS FLYTRAP DO YOU KNOW WHERE WE CAN FIND THEM?
YES.
AND WHERE WOULD THAT BE?
PHILLY HEAT
NOT SO FAST SUCK YOU'VE HAD YOUR WORKOUT NOW I WANT MINE!"


WELL OF COURSE, MISS FLYTRAP MY GYM IS AT YOUR DISPOSAL. DO YOU PREFER UNIVERSAL OR VAULT BUS--?
NO THAT WASN'T WHAT I HAD IN MIND AT ALL.
ZZZIP


MISS FLYTRAP. I AM SHOCKED! I'D HEARD YOU AND THE TEAM SUPREME WERE A BUNCH OF OVERSEXED TWO-BIT HUCKSTERS OUT TO MAKE A FAST BUCK
BUT I'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED YOU'D RESORT TO VIOLATING THE MOST SACRED MORAL PRECEPTS UPON WHICH THIS NATION WAS FOUNDED MERELY TO SATISFY YOUR ILLICIT CARNAL CRAVINGS!
I LIKE IT ROUGH BY THE WAY.

I DON'T SUPPOSE I COULD TALK YOU INTO ACCEPTING THIS BACK SCRUB AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR ?
NO FUCKING WAY.


I DIDN'T THINK SO--MPH!
ARRGH!
AHHH!
PECK PECK PECK PECK
I FEEL SO USED
HE THINKS HE DOTH PROTEST TOO MUCH

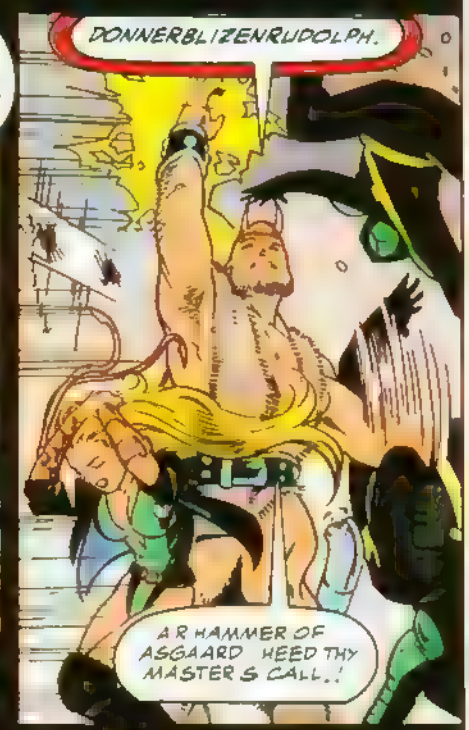

YOU ARE ONE HOT FLAGPOLE STUD BY THE WAY I LIKE YOUR NEW LOOK, MY INFLUENCE I'M SURE
MISS I'M AFRAID I'M GOING TO HAVE TO ASK YOU TO REMOVE THAT TENTACLE FROM MY BATTLE SHORTS.
OH, POOH! C'MON PHILLY. WE'VE GOT TIME FOR ANOTHER QUICKIE BEFORE THE BATTLE
THE EYES OF LIBERTY MUST NEVER BE DISTRACTED BY THE PASSING OF THE TIGHT SKIRT OF SELFISHNESS
MEANWHILE, IN THE COIN COLLECTOR'S SECRET HIDEOUT
NOW I HAVE ALL THAT I WANT, THREE OF THE ONLY FOUR DOUBLE-STAMPED WHEATBACK COPPER '43 PENNIES IN THE WORLD AND A TINY LITTLE GUARDIAN TO WATCH OVER THEM THROUGHOUT ETERNITY...
SIGH! BACK TO THE LAB JAR AGAIN

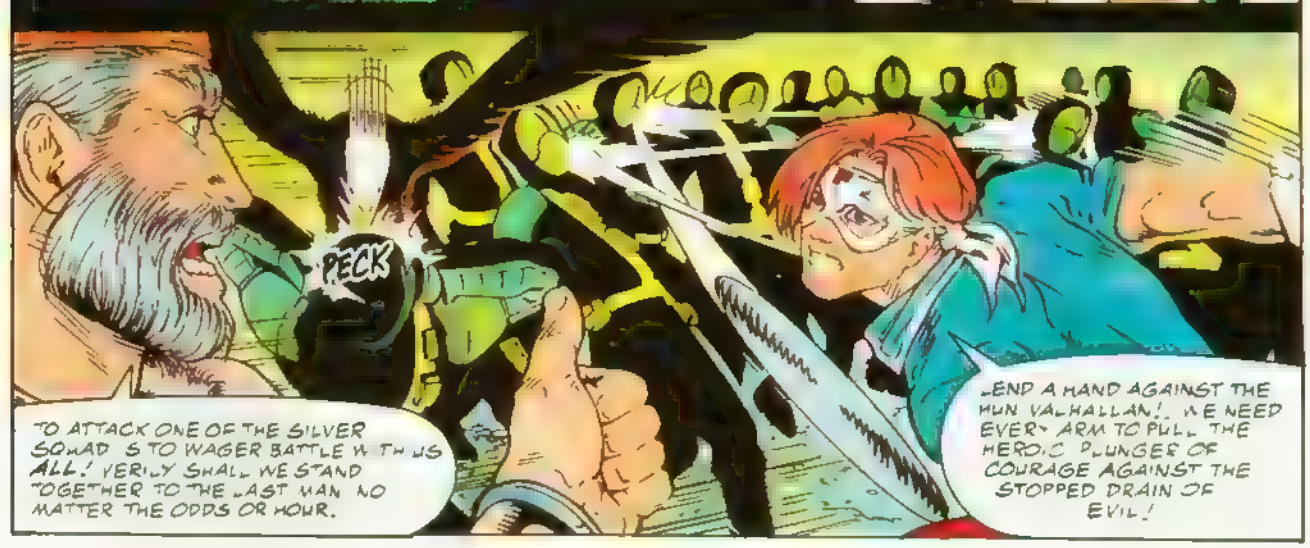
BAM!
NOT SO FAST CON COLLECTOR.
KA-THUNK!
THE FLAG OF JUSTICE HAS BEEN FLOWN AT HALF-MAST LONG ENOUGH.
AWK!
DRAT! PHILADELPHIA FREEDOM! HOW ON EARTH DID HE FIGURE OUT I'D BE HIDING HERE IN THIS ABANDONED MINT?
HAHAHAHA! YOUR ACCOUNT'S OVERDRAWN THIS TIME YOU FLAG WAVING GOODY-TWO SHOES.
PULL!
UH PHIL.
YES I KNOW WE ARE ABOUT TO BE JUMPED BY POG PENNY P AND NICKE: FOUR POTENTIALLY GIFTED YOUTHS WHOSE CIVICS TRAINING IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS WAS SADLY LACKING
RATTLE
RATTLE
BONGG!
STILL THE BEST YOU CAN SEND AGAINST ME, COIN?
RATTLE
RATTLE
BING!
THE SECRET OF ANY GOOD COLLECTION
'S VARIETY
HAHAHAHAHA!
HMPH. I'VE BEEN IN TOUGHER SPOTS.
BUT A SINGLE EXAMPLE ESCAPES ME.

F_AY HIM, AGENTS OF SERPENT B TE HIM DOUBLE W TH YOUR SINISTER FANGS HE S NOT A GOD-- HE S JUST A MAN!
AWWWK!
BASEST OF I LLA.N.S! THOUGH THY NUMBERS BE _ M TLESS, I SHALL CRUSH EACH OF THEE N TURN!
YOU RE DAMNED RIGHT!
CRUNCH
SPLUT

CRAVEN SCALEY DOGS, VER LY MY BLOOD DOTH BOIL N LOATHING AT SO UNEQUAL A TABLEAU!
DOES ANY-ONE N TH S GROUP EVER SHUT UP?
AIEEEE!

I CALL UPON THE THR CE HALVED POWER INFIN TE THAT IS MY BIRTHRIGHT.

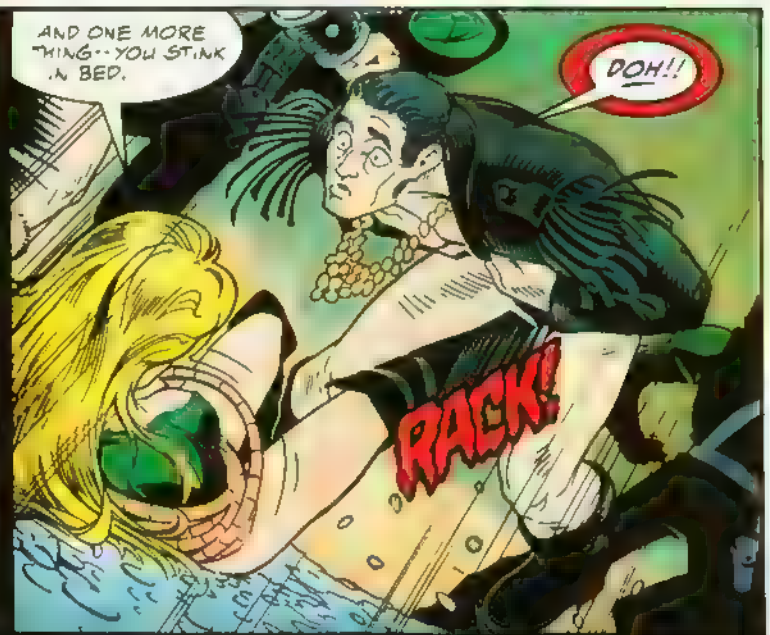

DONNERBLIZENRUDOLPH.
A R HAMMER OF ASGAARD HEED THY MASTER S CALL..!

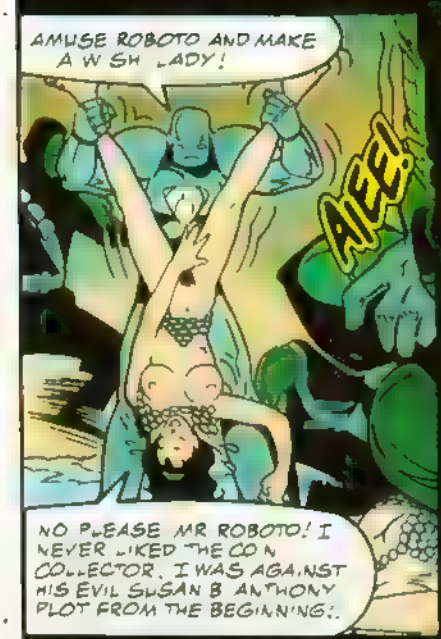

PECK
TO ATTACK ONE OF THE SILVER SQUAD S TO WAGER BATTLE W TH US ALL! VERILY SHALL WE STAND TOGETHER TO THE LAST MAN NO MATTER THE ODDS OR HOUR.
LEND A HAND AGAINST THE HUN VALHALLAN!. WE NEED EVERY ARM TO PULL THE HEROIC PLUNGER OF COURAGE AGAINST THE STOPPED DRAIN OF EVIL!

AT PHILADELPHIA FREEDOM'S HQ, PRETZEL BOY HIDES LIKE A LITTLE GIRL
HMMMM!
AHEM! MASTER PRETZEL
A MISS CHINA SETT OF THE LUCKY SAMESE ESCORT SERVICE TO SEE YOU
YES!!!!
HMM!
THANK GOODNESS! GOOD SHOW, MASTER FREEDOM
CRACKROOM!
ZIP!
THE ODDS MAY BE A HUNDRED TO ONE.. BUT I'LL FIND A WAY TO OUTMANEUVER THEM
KRAKADOOM!
YOU MAY BEST MY FELLOW SILVER SQUADDER COMRADES WITH THY FOUL TREACHERY, COIN COLLECTOR FOR THEY ARE BUT MORTALS FOR ALL THEIR COURAGE..!
JESUS WEPT! SHUTTUP! I'M GETTING A LITTLE ACTION OVER HERE.

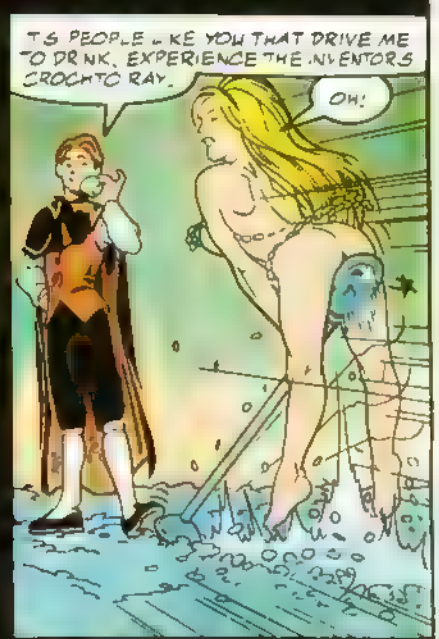
AND VERILY THINE HOUR IS COME!
BA-BA-BA WHOOM!
ONWARD MY STALWART CHEESE STEAK BROTHERS. FINISH THIS BATTLE WITH ALL SPEED AND LET THIS BE KNOWN FOREVER AS PHIL FREEDOM'S DAY.
WONKA
THIS REMINDS ME OF A STING SONG
KA-CHINK
KA-CHINK
KA-CHINK
KA-CHINK
HEIGH HO, SILVER SQUAD! AWAAAAY!
YOU KNOW SGT D DOES TALK ALOT

NOT SO FAST BEEFBRAINS!


AND ONE MORE THING··YOU STINK IN BED.
DOH!!
RACK!


AMUSE ROBOTO AND MAKE A WISH LADY!
AIEE!
NO PLEASE MR ROBOTO! I NEVER LIKED THE CON COLLECTOR. I WAS AGAINST HIS EVIL SUSAN B ANTHONY PLOT FROM THE BEGINNING!

MUERTE DIABLOS! FEEL THE CLAWS OF THE IGUANA!


TIS PEOPLE LIKE YOU THAT DRIVE ME TO DRINK. EXPERIENCE THE INVENTORS CROCHTO RAY.
OH!

LOOKS LIKE I'M GOING TO HAVE TO DIP INTO PRINCIPAL ON THIS ONE.
HALT, ENEMY OF JUSTICE!

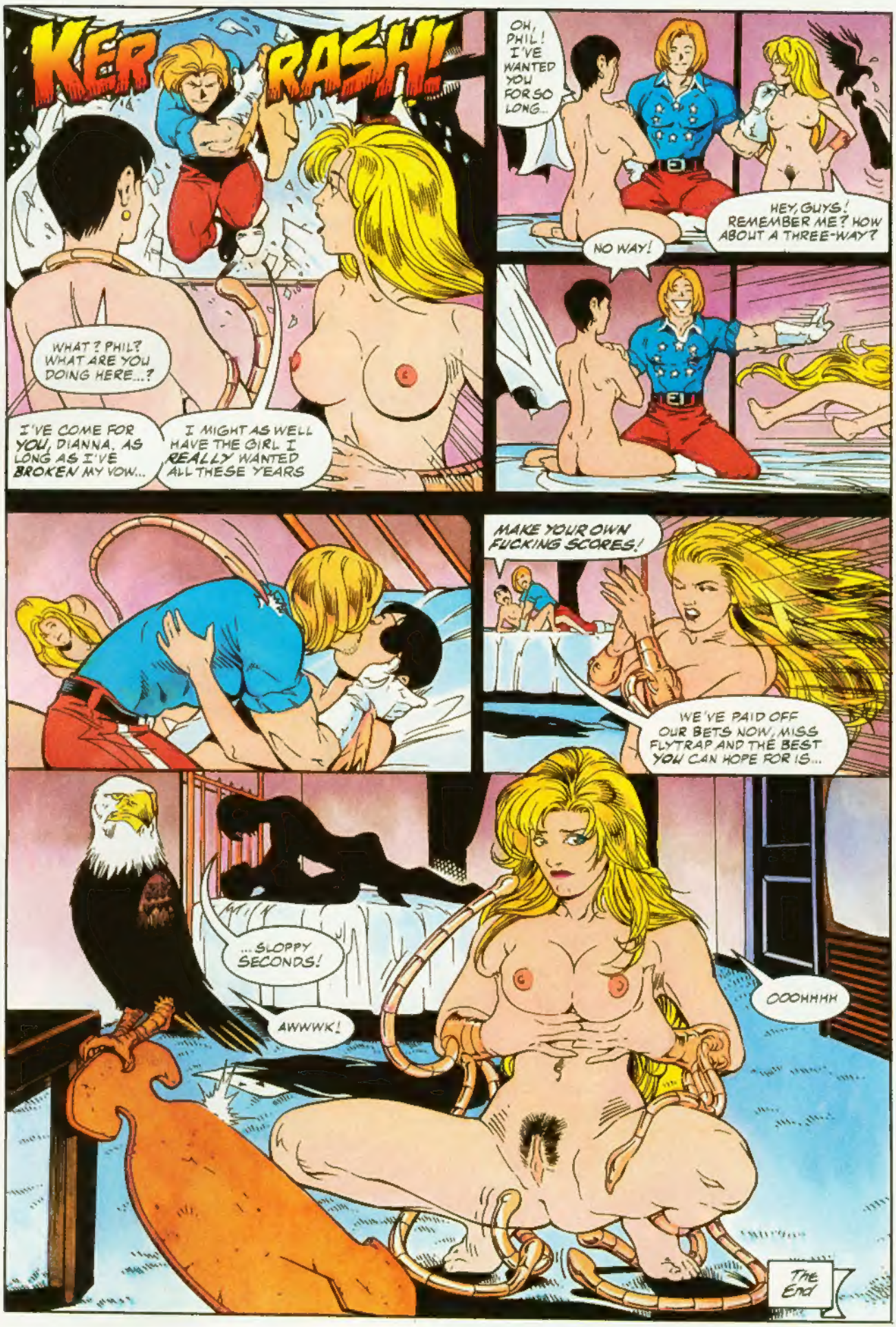
SO LONG AS THE BANK OF LIBERTY IS OPEN FOR BUSINESS.
I'M CASHING YOU IN!

LITTLE WOMAN! IS NO ONE'S LITTLE WOMAN! TAKE THAT, COIN-BOY!
BINK
OW, MY EYE!
HEY! WHAT! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?
SWOOOSH
PENNIE
LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE GOING TO BE PART OF A NEW COLLECTION..
...THE FEDERAL PRISON.
GOOD WORK TEAM! OUR PATRIOTIC DUTY DONE AGAIN.
IF I HAVE TO HEAR THIS, AT LEAST HE HAS A GOOD VOICE
HELP! HELP! HELP!

LATER AT VELVET'S PRIVATE LITTLE HONEY TRAP A TIME FOR CALLING IN BETS.
AND THAT WAS THAT.
I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT. PH... FREEDOM LOST HIS CHERRY TO YOU...?
YOU'RE NOT THINKING OF WELSHING ON OUR LITTLE BET ARE YOU?
NO, IT'S JUST.
BECAUSE I CAN MAKE THIS HARD OR SOFT
AND I THINK YOU KNOW MY PREFERENCE
IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME VEL. BE GENTLE
SHHH, DI

IS LIKE RIDING A BICYCLE
HEY!
NICE HANDLE-BARS.
ALRIGHT ALRIGHT I'M READY
DO ME-- MMMMMM!
I LEARNED PRETTY DAMNED QUICK!
NOW YOU'RE TALKIN DIRTY YEAH!
RIDING A BIKE.. COME TO THINK OF IT
SHUT UP AND FUCK ME YOU TENTACLED TWIT!

LIKE THIS?
MMM-MMM..
OR.. THIS?
UH, HUUUH..
I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'D LIKE--
YES!
YES!
YES!
YES!
JUST BE QUIET AND--


KER RASH!
WHAT? PHIL? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE...?
I'VE COME FOR YOU, DIANNA, AS LONG AS I'VE BROKEN MY VOW...
I MIGHT AS WELL HAVE THE GIRL I REALLY WANTED ALL THESE YEARS
OH, PHIL! I'VE WANTED YOU FOR SO LONG...
HEY, GUYS! REMEMBER ME? HOW ABOUT A THREE-WAY?
NO WAY!
MAKE YOUR OWN FUCKING SCORES!
WE'VE PAID OFF OUR BETS NOW, MISS FLYTRAP AND THE BEST YOU CAN HOPE FOR IS...
...SLOPPY SECONDS!
AWWWK!
OOOHHHH
The End

"VELVET FLYTRAP &
FRIENDS"
BY STEVE PUGH

LOVE HATE LETTERS

Please send comments to:
LOVE/HATE Letters c/o PENTHOUSE COMIX
277 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK, NY 10172
PHComix@aol.com

This month, we're devoting a special two-page letter section to George Caragonne and his memory. He helped launch this magazine and even if you don't usually read letter columns, you might want to go through this one...and get a glimpse of the respect for this man's vision. Say what you will, he began something big.

Penthouse Comix,

George Caragonne built things, created stuff, and made opportunity for others. My heartfelt condolences to his family and friends.

Sincerely,
Jim Shooter

Penthouse Comix,

From the day we met and all these last ten years, his impervious optimism, robust bravado and infinite spirit were always welcome at my table. George was a good comrade on the road and a familiar sight in a tight spot. His dogged optimism and unbridled tenacity could always be counted on as an ever present ace in the hole in all our various travels and adventures.

With a Viking spirit and an impatient destiny watching over his shoulder, he played his hand to the very end and I shall remember him fondly as long as I live. Now have a feast with rousing songs by all around, go tell the Spartans, and carry him home upon his shield. By destiny cast and by fate devoured. Rest in peace old friend . . .

With regards,
Bob Burden

In memoriam, for George,

This is my second year with Comix, but ironically, I only met George in the flesh a couple of months back, as his guest in N.Y. In that week working with and for him, I grew to really love the guy; a complex larger-than-life mix of giant ego and prodigious generosity, of glowing warmth, appreciation and graciousness toward all his creative people.

In a couple of generations around the comics block, no one ever made me feel better about what I do and who I am. That is a special gift. His loss hit deep and painfully, but his warmth and his gift are still with me.

Dan Barry

Penthouse Comix,

We met George during the fledgling days of the Animation Writers of America (which later merged into the Writers Guild). Fighting side-by-side in the trenches of animation writing created a bond among our small group. When the animation market crashed, we were delighted to see George find new markets at Marvel and Voyager. Later it was with the same elation that we learned of his success in creating Penthouse Comix, and we were among the first to congratulate him on his good fortune. It is therefore with great sadness that we learned of George's recent troubles and his tragic passing. One mourns the lost potential, the dissipated energy, the creativity gone forever, and the hopes for a bright future. To quote the French poet Charles Baudelaire:

Continued on page 94

LOVE HATE LETTERS

Continued frompage92

"And hearses, without drum or instrument,/File slowly through my soul; crushed, sorrowful,/Weeps Hope, and Grief, fierce and omnipotent,/Plants his black banner on my drooping skull."

Randy &
Jean-Marc Lofficier

Penthouse Comix,

History will record George as the man who kick-started the Penthouse Comix line. It is regrettable that he won't be here to witness the results of his efforts—or to shape the future of the comics chronology.

Sincerely,
Jim Steranko

Penthouse Comix,

How could any artist dislike a guy who so inordinately loved artists. Like George.

In the short time I knew him, he impressed me with his encyclopedic knowledge of comics, comics creators, and all things pop culture. He had a phenomenal memory for the merest details, the word for word of movies.

That's the loss I cannot gauge when I think of the waste—the utter waste—of a thirty one year old plunging to his death.

What would further maturity have brought him? Or us? What contributions might he have discovered for us?

As an artist I feel that I am only now beginning to understand what it is I try to do and how to do it. They who arrived at their artistic realization early in their lives have always had my envy.

George will never arrive. His fall will continue, in our memories, for the rest of our lives; not toward fulfillment, but ever away from it

I liked George—but I'm really pissed off at him.

Ernie Colon

Penthouse Comix,

I was already at the San Diego Comic Con when I had heard the very sad news about George. Up until then, I had met with George just a few times. I wish I could have gotten to know him better, I wish we had become close friends, and I wish I could have helped George through his ordeal.

Sal Quartuccio

(The following is a portion of a eulogy Buzz Dixon wrote which appeared in the *Comic Buyer's Guide*, August 18, 1995.)

...George was capable of anything...

George was indeed a remarkable talent, a man filled, as fellow Texan Robert E. Howard once wrote of another larger-than-life character, "with gigantic melancholies and gigantic mirth." A tireless and selfless worker, he threw himself into any project without restraint...

...There were literally no limits to what he could accomplish. But "no limits" does not mean "no restraint." There was nothing George would not do for a friend; conversely, there were no pleasures he denied himself. ...It pains me to say that no one who knew George was surprised by his last act: Shocked, yes; surprised, no. You see, nobody could guess what George was going to do, but we knew he was capable of anything.

Buzz Dixon

Penthouse Comix,

Say a few words by way of a farewell to George Caragonne: Hard to do. Not for any other reason than we never met in person, just over the phone—maybe a half dozen conversations at most. I was rather impressed by his knowledge of the comics medium and its history and relation to films for future plans and projects he was outlining.

Perhaps the best tribute that can be paid to George would be for the magazines he started, and to follow those designs as he might have wished.

Gray Morrow

As is my plan, Gray. *Vaya con dios*, buddy. We'll miss you.

—Mark